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LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON.

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[From *Ballantyne's Novelist's Library*.]

OF all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation, are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recal to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag, that his bon mots did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and, although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, or Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey*.

All this, as the world well knows, arises from Johnson having found in James Boswell such a biographer, as no man but himself ever had, or ever deserved to have. The performance, which chiefly resembles it in structure, is the life of the philosopher Demophon, in Lucian; but that slight sketch is far inferior in detail and in vivacity to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which, considering the eminent persons to whom it relates, the quantity of miscellaneous information and entertaining gossip which it brings together, may be termed, without exception, the best parlour-window book that ever was written. Accordingly, such has been the reputation which it has enjoyed, that it renders useless even the form of an abridgment, which is the less necessary in this work, as the great Lexicographer only stands connected with the department of fictitious narrative by the brief tale of *Rasselas*.

A few dates and facts may be briefly recalled, for the sake of uniformity of plan, after which we will venture to offer a few remarks upon *Rasselas*, and the character of its great author.

Samuel Johnson was born and educated in Litchfield, where his father was a country bookseller of some eminence, since he belonged

to its magistracy. He was born 18th September, 1709. His school days were spent in his native city, and his education completed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Of gigantic strength of body, and mighty powers of mind, he was afflicted with that nameless disease on the spirits, which often rendered the latter useless; and externally deformed by a scrofulous complaint, the scars of which disfigured his otherwise strong and sensible countenance. The indigence of his parents compelled him to leave college upon his father's death in 1731, when he gathered in a succession of eleven pounds sterling. In poverty, however, his learning and his probity secured him respect. He was received in the best society of his native place. His first literary attempt, the translation of *Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*, appeared during this period, and probably led him, at a later period, to lay in that remote kingdom the scene of his philosophical tale, which follows this essay. About the same time, he married a wife considerably older than himself, and attempted to set up a school in the neighbourhood of Litchfield. The project proved unsuccessful; and in 1737, he set out to try to mend his fortunes in London, attended by David Garrick. Johnson had with him in manuscript his tragedy of *Irene*, and meant to commence dramatic author; Garrick was to be bred to the law—Fate had different designs for both.

There is little doubt, that upon his outset in London, Johnson felt in full force the ills which assail the unprotected scholar, whose parts are yet unknown to the public, and who must write at once for bread and for distinction. His splendid imitation of Juvenal, *London*, a satire, was the first of his works which drew the attention of the public; yet, neither its celebrity, nor that of its more brilliant successor, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental, could save the poet from the irksome drudgery of a writer of all-work. His *Irene*, also, was unfortunate on the stage, and his valuable hours were consumed in obscure labour. He was fortunate, however, in a strong and virtuous power of thinking, which prevented his plunging into those excesses, in which neglected genius, in catching at momentary gratification, is so apt to lose character and respectability. While his friend, Savage, was wasting considerable powers in temporary gratification, Johnson was advancing slowly but surely into a higher class of society. The powers of his pen were supported by those of his conversation; he lost no friend by misconduct, and each new friend whom he made became his admirer.

The booksellers, also, were sensible of his value as a literary labourer, and employed him in that laborious and gigantic task, a Dictionary of the language. How it is executed, is well-known, and sufficiently surprising, considering that the learned author was a stranger to the Northern languages, on which English is radically grounded, and that the discoveries in grammar, since made by

Horne Tooke, were then unknown. In the mean time, the publication of the *Rambler*, though not very successful during its progress, stamped the character of the author as one of the first moral writers of the age, and as eminently qualified to write, and even to improve, the English language.

In 1752, Johnson was deprived of his wife, a loss which he appears to have felt most deeply. After her death, society, the best of which was now open to a man who brought such stores to increase its pleasures, seems to have been his principal enjoyment, and his great resource when assailed by that malady of mind which embittered his solitary moments.

The *Idler*, scarce so popular as the *Rambler*, followed in 1758. In 1759, *Rasselas* was hastily composed, in order to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, and some small debts which she had contracted. This beautiful tale was composed in one week, and sent in portions to the printer. Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he never afterwards read it over. The publishers paid the author an hundred pounds, with twenty-four more, when the work came to a second edition.

The mode in which *Rasselas* was composed, and the purposes for which it was written, show that the author's situation was still embarrassed. But his circumstances became more easy in 1762, when a pension of £300 placed him beyond the drudgery of labouring for mere subsistence. It was distinctly explained, that this grant was made on public grounds alone, and intended as homage to Johnson's services for literature. But two political pamphlets, *The False Alarm*, and that upon the *Falkland Islands*, afterwards showed that the author was grateful.

In 1765, pushed forward by the satire of Churchill, Johnson published his subscription Shakspeare, for which proposals had been long in circulation.

The author's celebrated *Journey to the Hebrides* was published in 1775. Whatever might be his prejudices against Scotland, its natives must concede, that many of his remarks concerning the poverty and barrenness of the country, tended to produce those subsequent exertions, which have done much to remedy the causes of reproach. The Scots were angry because Johnson was not enraptured with their scenery, which, from a defect of bodily organs, he could neither see nor appreciate; and they seem to have set rather too high a rate on the hospitality paid to a stranger, when they contended it should shut the mouth of a literary traveller upon all subjects but those of panegyric. Dr. Johnson took a better way of repaying the civilities he received, by exercising kindness and hospitality in London to all such friends as he had received attention from in Scotland.

His pamphlet, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, which drew upon him much wrath from those who supported the American cause, is written in a strain of high toryism, and tended to pro-

mote an event, pregnant with much good and evil, the separation of the mother country from the American colonies.

In 1777, he was engaged in one of his most pleasing, as well as most popular works, *The Lives of the British Poets*, which he executed with a degree of critical force and talent which has seldom been concentrated.

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman Dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all his wisdom, and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even Mrs. Thrale seems at length to have thought that the honour of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time, the literary society of London was

much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.

Of *Rasselas*, translated into so many languages, and so widely circulated through the literary world, the merits have been long justly appreciated. It was composed in solitude and sorrow; and the melancholy cast of feeling which it exhibits, sufficiently evinces the temper of the author's mind. The resemblance, in some respects, betwixt the tenor of the moral and that of *Candide*, is so striking, that Johnson himself admitted, that if the authors could possibly have seen each other's manuscript, they could not have escaped the charge of plagiarism. But they resemble each other like a wholesome and a poisonous fruit. The object of the witty Frenchman is to lead to a distrust of the wisdom of the great Governor of the Universe, by presuming to arraign him of incapacity before the creatures of his will. Johnson uses arguments drawn from the same premises, with the benevolent view of encouraging men to look to another and a better world, for the satisfaction of wishes, which in this seem only to be awakened in order to be disappointed. The one is a fiend—a merry devil, we grant—who scoffs at, and derides human miseries; the other, a friendly though grave philosopher, who shows us the nothingness of earthly hopes, to teach us that our affections ought to be placed elsewhere.

The work can scarce be termed a narrative, being in a great measure void of incident; it is rather a set of moral dialogues on the various vicissitudes of human life, its follies, its fears, its hopes, and its wishes, and the disappointment in which all terminate. The style is in Johnson's best manner; enriched and rendered sonorous by the triads and quaternions which he so much loved, and balanced with an art which perhaps he derived from the learned Sir Thomas Brown. The reader may sometimes complain, with Boswell, that the unalleviated picture of human helplessness and misery, leaves sadness upon the mind after perusal. But the moral is to be found in the conclusion of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, a poem which treats of the same melancholy subject, and closes with this sublime strain of morality:—

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd:

For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
 For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain,
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she cannot find.

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

1 *Voyage round the World, in the Years 1740, 1, 2, 3, 4, by George Anson, Esq., Commander in Chief of a Squadron of His Majesty's Ships, sent upon an Expedition to the South Sea. Compiled from Papers and other Materials of the Right Honourable George Lord Anson, and published under his direction, by Richard Walter, M.A. Chaplain of his Majesty's Ship the Centurion, in that Expedition. The Second Edition, with Charts of the Southern Part of South America, of Part of the Pacific Ocean, and of the Track of the Centurion round the World. London, 1748.*

The Narrative of the Honourable John Byron, Commodore in a late Expedition round the World, containing an Account of the great Distresses suffered by himself and his Companions on the Coast of Patagonia, from the Year 1740, till their arrival in England, 1746. With a Description of St. Jago de Chili, and the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; also a Relation of the Loss of the Wager, Man of War, one of Admiral Anson's Squadron. Written by himself. The Second Edition. London, 1768.

EMINENTLY conspicuous among those who have gained the palm of deserved celebrity, may be ranked the intrepid navigators, by whose persevering resolution, undaunted courage, and professional skill, the paths of discovery were laid open, and science was enriched with the choicest stores of nature, gleaned from realms that were before unknown. The gallant officer who upheld the honour of his native land, and the glory of her flag, was generally prompted by a desire of seeing his name enrolled among the deeds of the brave, and registered as the defender of his country's rights. But the enduring and indefatigable discoverer had a nobler aim in view—the extension of knowledge, and the civilization of mankind; and he has left to posterity a lasting fame, which can never pass away as long as the monuments of his research remain to perpetuate the remembrance of his enterprising spirit and patient investigation. Curiosity is strongly prevalent in our nature, from infancy to manhood—from maturity to old age, and hence arises the lively interest which is excited by the perusal of a book of voyages or travels—an interest which increases in proportion with the opportu-

nities that are offered for its gratification. By means of these books we become acquainted with our fellow men who inhabit a different and distant region of the earth, and their manners, habits, and customs are rendered familiar to us. We exult in their prosperity, mourn their depravity, or commiserate their sufferings; and whether we visit the land of the luxurious Persian—sail round the coasts of New Holland, or wander through the wilds of Africa—indeed, wherever the traveller leads us, we follow with admiration and astonishment, deeply contemplating the wonderful works of creation, and the surprising ingenuity of man.

The accounts of the first voyagers are mingled with fabulous tales of giants and monsters, that could only have existed in the imagination of the writer; or, what is more probable, they were introduced by artful and designing men, for the purpose of deterring other adventurers from exploring the same spot, and enriching themselves with the supposed treasures it contained: but, on the whole, they convey much valuable information, and many curious remarks descriptive of manners of the times, when science began to arouse from its lethargy like a giant refreshed from sleep.

The inventive genius of foreigners first excited a spirit of maritime enterprise in England, and their efforts paved the way to that national importance and wealth for which she is so remarkably pre-eminent in the present day. The discovery of the valuable properties attached to the magnet, led to the invention of the mariner's compass (in 1302); and though it was at first imperfect in its construction, and rude in its form, it enabled ships to depart from their usual mode of coasting along shore, and by boldly launching on the trackless ocean, eventually and materially contributed to the great discoveries which afterwards took place. In the first instance, it was supposed that the magnetic needle exactly coincided with the plane of the meridian; and, consequently, that all the points of the compass agreed with the correspondent points of the horizon. This must have occasioned considerable embarrassment to the early navigators, and have caused a very great confusion in their nautical accounts.—From hence, also, proceeded the numerous errors in the first hydrographers. Still no observation appears to have been made of that remarkable phenomenon, the variation of the compass from the true north and south points, till the voyage of Columbus to the Western World, a period of nearly two hundred years. It is, however, by no means improbable that it had been noticed before; and, indeed, it seems almost impossible that it could have been otherwise, for the variation in his previous voyage to Greenland was, upon the coast of England, $1\frac{1}{2}$ points easterly; but, in his western course, as he also approached nigher to the Equator, so it would lessen the altitude of the polar star, and by its appearance more upon the verge of the horizon, presented a favourable situation for remarking and calculating the difference, and which, for many years (to 1634), was supposed to be continually the same. It has since been found to be constantly va-

rying at different parts of the world. The discovery of America, under the auspices of Spain, gave rise to mutual rivalry, jealousy, and contention, with the court of Portugal; and the *equitable* distribution by the Papal crown—that all discoveries to the eastward were to be the property of Portugal, while those to the west were declared under the sovereignty of Spain, served (perhaps from motives of political speculation in Alexander) to heighten the discord. Still it produced its advantages for men of talent and ability, who, finding their application for employment rejected by one government, were immediately engaged by the other to forward its designs. This was the case with Ferdinand Magalhaens, or Magellan, a Portuguese of a good family, who had been brought up to the sea from his boyhood, and was well skilled in seamanship and navigation. Nature appeared to have moulded him for adventurous undertakings and great achievements; and in the accounts of this remarkable man, which have come down to posterity, a striking similarity is observable between his disposition and manners with those of the eminent and immortal Cook, and both met with nearly the same death. Magellan had served in India, under the justly celebrated Albuquerque, but finding his services were not valued, and his remonstrances treated with contempt, he retired with Falerio, the astronomer, to the court of Spain. Men of their description could not remain long in obscurity, when once brought under the penetrating eye of Cardinal Ximenes, and notwithstanding the secret intrigues of their own countrymen, both were received into favour and exalted in rank.

The first expedition of the Spaniards across the newly discovered continent, opened to their view the Great South Sea, and hopes were entertained that a passage might be found, either through the Rio de la Plata, or some other opening into the Coast, whereby they would be enabled to enter it from the *westward*, and thus claim all discoveries under the grant of the pope's bull, as well as open a communication with the Molucca Islands. To execute this project, Magellan seemed eminently gifted, and accordingly he sailed from Seville, with five ships and about two hundred and fifty men, on the 11th August, 1519; and after encountering innumerable perils, from the want of experience and subordination in his crews, (some of whom he hanged for mutiny in Port St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia,) he passed through the Straits, now bearing his name, and accomplished his object by entering into the Southern Ocean, giving it the appellation of Pacific, which it still retains. From thence, they pursued their course for nearly four months without once gaining sight of land, and during this time their numbers were greatly diminished, by being literally starved to death. After visiting the Ladrões, and many of the islands in the South Seas, they repaired to one of the Phillipine Islands, where Magellan lost his life in an engagement with the natives. Leaving these, they continued for some months among the numerous islands, in the Eastern Archipelago; and out of two hundred

and fifty men, not more than twenty returned to Spain,—the rest were either starved, killed, or taken prisoners. By this voyage, geography was greatly enriched, and the spherical form of the earth determined; beside, it opened a mart for European produce, and though the accounts were much exaggerated, yet experience has since convinced us of the value and importance of the Spice and other islands. The whole was performed in three years and twenty-seven days. Many attempts were made by other able commanders, but all without effect, till the time of Elizabeth (1577), when Drake circumnavigated the globe, after having made many important discoveries, and plundered the Spaniards of immense wealth. From this hour, the prosperity of the British Navy may be dated; from that time its theoretical knowledge and practical ability have been constantly increasing.

The success of Drake stimulated others to follow his example; and Sir Thomas Candish, encouraged by Elizabeth, was the next who sailed round the world, quitting England in 1586, and returning in 1588. Three years afterwards he made a second attempt, but this adventure terminated disastrously to his people and fatal to himself. About this period, the Hollanders, who had thrown off the yoke of Spain, were sadly distressed for means to carry on the war against their implacable foe, Philip the Second, and in defence of their national freedom. The treasures of the Spanish colonies, poured into the bosom of the mother country, wrought more powerfully against the United Provinces than could have been accomplished by the force of arms; till the Dutch, roused by a sense of the injuries which were heaped upon them, determined to draw their resources from the Spaniards themselves, and literally fight them with their own weapons. Encouraged by the successful enterprises of the English, they resolved to send an expedition in the same direction, for the purpose of making large drafts upon the Spanish funds, and endeavour to promote a commercial intercourse with the East and West Indies. In September, 1598, having completed the equipment of two stout ships, and two yachts, they sailed under the command of Oliver Van Noort, and, directed by the nautical skill of an English pilot, completed a circuit of the globe in something less than three years. Previous to their departure, a fleet had sailed with similar intentions, under De Weert, (the discoverer of the Falkland Isles, originally named after him) but after encountering severe hardships and appalling distresses in the Straits of Magellan, they were compelled to relinquish the design and return home. The cause of failure was principally attributed to their want of confidence, and to their rejecting the counsels of the English pilots.

The Dutch East India Company, still anxious to perform the voyage to India by the Straits of Magellan, fitted out another fleet in 1614, consisting of six ships, and George Spilbergen, a man of high reputation for experienced knowledge, took the supreme command, and arrived in the South Seas, May 6th, 1615.

The Spaniards, alarmed at these unceremonious visits of the Hollanders, equipped an armament of eight ships of war, to give them a warm reception, according to the usual mode of a Spanish welcome; and though the admiral was warned of the superior ability and determined bravery of the Dutch, yet, with the characteristic haughtiness of the Don, he boastingly replied, that "two of his ships, independent of the rest, were sufficient to take all England, and much more the insignificant Hollanders, who must be spent with the fatigues of the voyage, and would certainly yield, with trembling alarm, without honouring him with a shot." In this, however, he was most wofully deceived, for, on the meeting of the adverse fleets, Mynheer singed the Don's whiskers in a deplorable manner, and then sunk his ships to cool his ears. In short, the whole fleet was defeated, with an amazing loss, and three of the largest sent to the bottom. This brave man (Spilbergen) assisted in the reduction and conquest of the Moluccas, and by his prudence, gallantry, and skill, materially contributed to the grandeur and freedom of his country, where he arrived July 1st, 1617. The States General having granted a charter to the East India Company, by which they claimed the exclusive privilege of trading to the eastward, beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and to the westward, through the Straits of Magellan, it naturally gave great dissatisfaction to the other merchants, (as such fetters on the operations of commerce must at all times produce,) and they prepared, not only to find some hole to creep out at and evade the charter, but also some other opening to creep into the Southern Ocean. Men capable of the undertaking were readily embarked, and Schouten and Le Maire sailed on the enterprise, which led to the discovery of Cape Horn, and the Straits of Le Maire, (the usual track of ships in the present day,) and by their intrepidity and perseverance, they sailed round the world in two years and eighteen days. In 1622, the Dutch despatched another armament (called the Nassau fleet) of eleven sail, to harass the Spaniards in their wealthy colonies; and the western coast of America, as well as the Gulf of Mexico, soon began to swarm with desperate characters of all nations, who thought as little of circumnavigating the globe as if it had been a mere ordinary voyage. Such were the first discoverers, who "fetched a compass of the earth," and opened a communication with distant and hitherto unknown regions.

The great success of Columbus induced other nations to attempt similar enterprises. Cabot sailed from England to the northward: Cabral was appointed by the King of Portugal to the command of a fleet, and directed to follow the course of De Gama in the east, round the Cape of Good Hope, (then recently discovered,) but meeting with adverse winds, he was driven so far to the westward, as to make the coast of Brazil, and took possession of the country, in the name and for the crown of Portugal, although it had been previously visited by Pinçon, (a companion of Columbus,) and claimed for the court of Spain. Cabral immediately despatched

intelligence to Lisbon, announcing the discovery, and then continued his course to India. When the information arrived in Europe, it was hailed with considerable gratification by Emanuel, who immediately invited Americus Vesputius from Seville, and despatched him, with three ships, to explore the new additions to his power. After encountering many and severe hardships, he sailed as far south as 52 deg., without effecting any thing of very great importance, and then returned home; but though his discoveries were few, he had the honour of naming the New World, to the great prejudice and injustice of the first discoverers. The following year he sailed again, and made a settlement on the coast, and thus laid the foundation of the Portuguese possessions in Brazil, now erected into an empire. There is, perhaps, no harbour in the world more beautiful in its appearance, or more commodious in its anchorage, than Rio Janeiro; the original inhabitants of whose shores were cannibals, and of whom scarcely a trace is left. Cruel was the work of devastation. Every method which infernal malice could suggest was put in practice to exterminate the natives. The engines of war were not considered sufficient for the purpose. Disease, in almost every shape, was spread amongst them; and that pest, the small-pox, destroyed more than the sword. It was the practice to distribute clothes and toys infected with the matter where the Indians were most likely to find them; and the plan succeeded but too well. Solis was the first discoverer of this fertile spot, but he quitted it, and proceeded to the river Plata, where he was murdered by the natives, and most probably devoured. Many attempts were made to settle a colony, for nearly fifty years, without effect; and when it was accomplished, the Portuguese suffered very severely from the repeated attacks of the Spaniards, French, and Dutch, to drive them from Brazil. With the Spaniards a treaty was concluded, and an agreement made, that the Portuguese should possess all the country between the two great rivers Amazon and Plata. The French and Dutch were defeated, and compelled to abandon their designs, though the latter continued to harass the Portuguese commerce by sea; but, in 1661, the Dutch accepted *eight tons of gold*, as an equivalent for yielding up all interest in Brazil. Previous to this, in 1580, Don Sebastian, the King of Portugal, was killed in an expedition against the Moors, in Africa, and the kingdom and its dependencies became annexed to the crown of Spain; but on the Portuguese asserting their independence, and gaining their freedom, the boundaries of Brazil were restored, from the Amazon to the Rio Grande. In the first instance, the colonies offered but little emolument, except from the fertility of the soil and the valuable timber; but the discovery of mines, containing the precious metal most coveted by all nations, and likewise diamonds, soon produced an opulence among the colonists; and, for some time afterward, the produce of the country was impoverished, through the neglect of the inhabitants, who rather sought for artificial wealth than permanent advantage. To remedy this evil, and

relieve the Portuguese from a toil they were unable to support, the poor descendants of Ham were dragged from their African home, and at once immured within the mines for the residue of their lives, to dig for that treasure they were not permitted to enjoy. Dreadfully revolting even to the obdurate heart have been the cruelties and oppressions practised on the unoffending negro; and in no part of the globe was it carried to a greater extent, than in the vicinity of the mines. The slave who was purchased to cultivate the ground, to fish, or other laborious duty, still enjoyed the light of the sun, and was indulged, occasionally, with a cessation from toil; but humanity sickens when it contemplates the fate of a fellow creature, whose only crime was a difference of colour, doomed to drag on a short and miserable existence; shut up in the bowels of the earth, without a beam of day to cheer his gloomy prison; and resting solely on the hope, that when his spirit quitted its abode he should return to his native land—to the spot where the days of his childhood passed in tranquillity and joy. In the dark ages, when ignorance fostered cruelty, and the inordinate thirst for gold stifled every feeling of compassion, the poor African could not expect to find an advocate or friend; but when the light of knowledge spread its influence over the nations of the earth, and man became more civilized, the unfriended negro derived no benefit from its operations, his sufferings and degradation continued the same. We have seen the slave ship, with its hundreds, anchor in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, before the palace and under the eye of royalty, and the victims have been immediately transported to the mines, where a few months have terminated their mortal career. We have visited those mines, and witnessed the wretched state of their inhabitants. The first sight that greeted our arrival was a sufferer in the agonies of death, which shortly relieved him from his oppressors; and the appearance of the living spectres that remained behind promised an early release from tyranny and wrong. In the course of time the mines became a receptacle for criminals and state prisoners, worse than the Inquisition or Bastile. The fate of one individual is still fresh in our memory: A French officer, contrary to the faith pledged him by a British admiral, was condemned to end his days in one of these miserable abodes. We can recollect his last look at quitting the protection of the English flag, when anguish, despair, and heroism, struggled for the mastery. He went, and we heard of him no more.

But to return to our subject. Upon the discovery of the mines of Brazil, the seat of government was fixed at Rio Janeiro, and the city of San Sebastian began to display the marks of wealth, as far as the outward show of gold, silver, and jewels, in their pompous processions and fêtes, are indications of it; but the arts and sciences remained in total obscurity. Literature was nowhere cultivated, except in the depths of monastic solitude; and even among the ecclesiastics the grossest ignorance prevailed. When Captain Cook arrived here, on his passage to observe the transit of Venus across

the disk of the sun, he endeavoured to explain the object of his voyage to the viceroy and court, but without effect. All they could understand was, that Cook expected the north star to pass through the South Pole, and was going to look for it. The emigration of the court of Portugal materially altered the face of affairs. The people began to feel their own importance, in proportion with the instruction that was spread amongst them; and while England was fighting their battles on the continent, they had ample leisure to devote their attention to the improvement of the colonies. A spirit of inquiry, and a desire for information, prevailed. The intercourse with Great Britain contributed to their wishes. Science awoke from its slumber, the arts were cherished, and learning was partially patronized; although still labouring against the bias of superstitious bigotry. Commensurate with the diffusion of knowledge, arose the feelings of independence, and the hopes of freedom. The spark was kindled, nor could all the efforts of power extinguish it; and at this moment we see the empire of Brazil bidding fair to flourish in estimation and glory. Foreign enemies she has none to fear, while all parties are just to themselves and faithful to their prince.

In 1515, the Spaniards sailed up the river Plata, and founded the city of Buenos Ayres. What enticement they could have met with on their first landing, we are at a loss to conjecture. An arid soil, without a tree to be seen, and the coast, near the shore, a loose deep sand, are poor temptations to form a settlement. The only motive for fixing on the spot must have been, a prospect of the great river communicating with the Southern Ocean. But when the Spanish conquests extended to Chili and Peru, the returns became very valuable, consisting chiefly of the gold and silver of those provinces, with hides and tallow. The difficulty of the navigation, the distance of Buenos Ayres from the ocean, and the shoalness of the water approaching the town, long operated to its disadvantage; but eventually these difficulties, though they could not be removed, were in some measure overcome. The aborigines lived in populous towns, and were governed by caciques, who were hereditary and independent of each other. These would, no doubt, have soon driven the Spaniards from their shores, had it not been for the remarkable conduct of the Jesuits, who quitted all civilized society, and penetrating the interior, associated with the Indians, forming them into commonwealths; and, by their address and policy, made a complete conquest over the minds and persons of a people, otherwise savage and barbarous. The immense impost they paid to the government procured them both encouragement and protection; and the capitation tax was gathered without difficulty from upwards of three hundred thousand families, that had yielded to the subjection of the Jesuits, and looked up to them with an attachment and awe bordering on adoration.

In 1733 the town of Monte Video was built in an advantageous position, on the opposite banks of the river; and, excepting the

disputes between the Spaniards and Portuguese, on account of the border settlements, these colonies enjoyed a peaceful tranquillity. A degrading submission and a blind obedience to the ecclesiastical power, appear to have been the leading features of the colonists; and they long continued to be sunk in ignorance and superstition. When the mother country was overrun by the troops of Napoleon, and Spain was leagued with France, the people of Buenos Ayres suddenly aroused themselves from their lethargy, and displayed symptoms of dissatisfaction. In Monte Video, as the inhabitants were chiefly Old-Spaniards, they adhered to the cause of their country, but condemned its subjugation. At this moment, a wise policy on the part of England might have led to incalculable advantages. As friends, the English would have been hailed with joy; but the habitual jealousy and pride of the Spaniards was excited when England held out the hand of peace, cased in the iron gauntlet of war. They could place but little confidence in the promises of men whose bayonets were brought to the charge. Resistance ensued, and Monte Video was stormed. The scene of slaughter and plunder was horrible, and those who witnessed it will never have that day erased from memory. Buenos Ayres was next subdued, but the exertions of the Spaniards had taught them that some reliance might be placed upon their own strength; and the British were compelled to abandon it. Still, prompt decision in war, or conciliatory measures of peace, might have brought about the desired purpose. The Spaniards entertained a high sense of English bravery and honour; they would have esteemed us as allies, but never as conquerors; and the struggles for emancipation became hourly more strong. At this period the appointment of a cowardly poltroon, as commander-in-chief, disgusted the army and distracted its councils. Buenos Ayres was again attacked; the brave troops fulfilled their duty, and sustained the high character of Englishmen in the field, to the admiration of the enemy;* but the ill-advised plan, and its consequent result, was disgraceful to the British flag, and terminated in withdrawing our troops from the country. The shame of defeat, added to the fascinating manners of the females, induced several hundred of our men to abandon their colours, and

* It is but little known, that a female bore a conspicuous share in the events of the 5th July, 1807. This lady was the wife of Captain O'Gorman, who married her at the Mauritius, and brought the family, consisting of her mother, sister, and brothers, to Buenos Ayres. A previous acquaintance with General Liniers (she was French) was renewed, and scandal was busy in propagating rumours. Few women possessed a more unbounded knowledge of state intrigue, or were better calculated to meet the emergency of the moment. With a masculine mind, her manners were elegant and fascinating, but when provoked, the flash of her eye was terrible, and the thunder of her oratory confounding. Her brothers served on the day of battle, and one of them received the surrender of General Crawford. She herself, habited in the superb dress of an hussar, rode by the side of Liniers, during the contest, animating the Spaniards, and occasionally directing the operations. On the suspension of hostilities, this Amazon galloped through the scene of carnage, put a stop to the work of destruction, and provided for the wounded soldiers of the British army.

enrol themselves in the Spanish cause. Whole companies of artillery, cavalry, and grenadiers, were formed of English deserters; and these materially assisted, among the troops, in hastening the event which afterwards took place.

When the French army was defeated by the English, and Spain shook off the fetters of Napoleon, the colonies once more entered into an amicable treaty with Great Britain, and a commercial intercourse was speedily opened, but the spirit of freedom had gone abroad. The period arrived for action—the Viceroy and Cabilda were deposed, and a change effected without a single casualty, which is the more remarkable from the sanguinary murders that had so recently and repeatedly taken place. The Junta were assembled, and a deputy despatched to the British court, in the *Mutine* English ship of war. From that time civil discord has ravaged Buenos Ayres, but we look forward with expectation, when animosity shall cease, and this province will become a free and powerful state.

The conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and the reduction of Peru and Chili by Pizarro and Almagro, placed nearly the whole of South America under the dominion of the Spaniards; and the immense treasures which these places yielded, offered too powerful a temptation to be resisted by adventurers who had nothing to lose, and every thing to gain. The resistance of the natives was long and arduous; and the history of the wars presents a series of wonderful achievements, and personal bravery, almost surpassing credibility: but European science prevailed, and the Spaniards were fixed in their possessions.

After the Spaniards had established themselves at Lima, and along the coast, an intercourse was kept up with the Philippine islands; and a ship, laden with treasure, sailed regularly to and from the port of Acapulco, in Mexico, to Manilla, in the China Sea. These treasure ships proved too irresistible to pass unnoticed by adverse nations. The Buccaneers were the first who considered themselves entitled to the office of Tellers of the Exchequer for the Southern ocean, and the galleon (as she was called) frequently fell into their hands. On the suppression of the Buccaneers, however, the Spaniards enjoyed their traffic unmolested, unless, sometimes, a British vessel hove in sight; and, unable to stand the temptation, borrowed a few of their pieces of eight, without signing a bond for the repayment.

At the close of the summer 1739, a war between England and Spain appeared inevitable; and the British government, with a similar system of policy to that of a more recent date, (the capture of the Spanish frigates by a squadron under Graham Moore,) prepared to be beforehand with the enemy, and cut off the resources by which he would alone be enabled to support the war. The most eligible plan appeared to be the immediate embarkation of a land force, to co-operate with the naval power, and to attack the crown of Spain in her distant settlements. In pursuance of these senti-

ments it was determined that Captain George Anson should be appointed commander-in-chief of an expedition of this nature. Two squadrons were to be fitted out, one for Anson, and the other for the brave Captain Cornewall (who afterwards fell in the service of his country, while nobly seconding Admiral Matthews, in Lestock's disgraceful action). The squadron under Anson was to receive on board a regiment of foot, and three independent companies of one hundred men each, and then proceed, without loss of time, to attack the Spanish settlements in the East Indies; while that under Cornewall, of equal force, was to sail round Cape Horn into the South Seas, and cruise against the enemy both by sea and land. It was afterwards to join the first at Manilla, and they were to unite their powers for further conquest. The scheme was admirably projected, and had it been carried into execution, must have succeeded in every point. The Spaniards were totally unprepared and devoid of protection, the guns at their forts were honey-combed and dismantled; indeed, their defenceless condition afforded expectation that a surrender would be made without a struggle at the first appearance of danger. The beneficial commerce carried on at Manilla with the East Indies and China, and its exclusive trade to Acapulco (the returns for which, at the lowest calculation, were estimated at upwards of three millions of dollars per annum, in silver) rendered it an object of peculiar regard and devotion to our gallant tars, who readily exerted themselves to further the design; but great indeed was the disappointment when the orders for equipment were countermanded, and Anson was directed to proceed with his squadron round Cape Horn; and instead of the troops that were first designed to be embarked, they received only two hundred and fifty-nine invalids from the hospitals, and new-raised marines. The crews, moreover, principally consisted of aged and ordinary seamen, unfit for the service on which they were to be engaged. The delays occasioned by these vexatious difficulties, not only retarded the sailing of the expedition, but discovered to the Spaniards its probable destination, and gave them sufficient time to equip a fleet to counteract its designs, and despatch information to America to put the colonies in a state of defence. Another impolitic measure was the appointment of agent-victuallers in the squadron, who were to carry out merchandise to the amount of £15,000, to speculate on an enemy's coast, and exchange for provisions.

On the 18th September, 1740, Captain Anson, in the *Centurion*, of sixty guns, and having under his orders the *Gloucester* and *Severn*, of fifty guns each; the *Pearl*, of forty guns; the *Wager*, twenty-eight guns; and the *Tryal* sloop, with two victuallers, sailed from St. Helens. Never was there a squadron worse manned, or sent to sea under greater disadvantages; but this did not deter the active and vigorous spirit of Anson, who hoisted his broad pendant, as Commodore, on their arrival at Madeira, and then continued his course, narrowly escaping from the Spanish fleet under Don Joseph

Pizarro, which had been cruising to intercept his farther progress. On the 18th of December, the ships anchored at St. Catharine's, on the coast of Brazil, and landed their sick to the amount of some hundreds; but through the insolence and treachery of the Governor, they were very poorly accommodated: and after burying great numbers, the sickness rather increased than diminished. Disappointed in their expectations of refreshment, and deprived of the humane and friendly offices of the inhabitants, they were again compelled to embark, with a dreary navigation before them, and in their way to hostile shores, where they could not hope to meet with friendly aid or commiseration. Quitting St. Catharine's they sailed to Port St. Julian, in Patagonia, where the *Tryal* was refitted, and the people somewhat refreshed; and here they gained intelligence that the fleet under Pizarro was in the same seas, and closely in pursuit of them.

On the 7th March, 1741, they passed the Straits of Le Maire, full of eager hope and expectation; the wind was favourable, the weather fine, and they began to fancy their golden prospects would soon be realized:—but short and delusive was the gleam of sunshine—the stormy season came on—the squadron were separated, and encountered appalling difficulties and unparalleled distress. Disease again raged amongst them,—the *Centurion* alone lost above two hundred men, nor were there sufficient hands left to navigate the ship. It was no uncommon thing for those who were able to walk the deck, and to do some kind of duty, to drop down dead in an instant, on any occasion of endeavouring to act with their utmost vigour; and many of the people perished in this manner during the voyage. Alone, in the most turbulent part of the ocean, with death constantly preying upon his victims, the survivors shrunk with apprehension and terror, while viewing in their dying messmates the probable termination of their own sufferings. Language would fail to pourtray in adequate colours the dreadful condition to which they were reduced. A scene like this can never be fully described—it must be witnessed—it must be felt, to enter into all its horrors; and some portion it has been our lot to endure. With scarcely a ray of hope they stood for that lovely spot, (immortalized as the sovereignty of Robinson Crusoe), Juan Fernandez; and Providence assisting their efforts, they happily arrived, on the 9th July, when a few days more at sea must have completed their destruction. On their approach, the mountainous and rugged appearance of the island cast a gloom upon their spirits, yet it was land—the land they eagerly desired, and every nerve was strained to gain it. Three months before had seen them with a crew of between four hundred and five hundred men, but now not more than two hundred remained alive; and out of these, including officers, seamen, and boys, not more than twenty were capable of doing duty. On the 10th, in the afternoon, they got close under the lee of the island, and found that the broken craggy precipices which had appeared so unpromising at a distance, were covered

with lofty woods; and that between them were every where interspersed the most beautiful valleys, clothed with the richest verdure, and watered with numerous streams and cascades. Only those who have experienced similar sensations can tell the eagerness and transport which such a view must have excited. The despairing seamen, who had stretched themselves for death, used every effort to crawl upon deck and feast their longing sight with its refreshing beauties. Those only whose lips have been long parched with feverish thirst, and who can recal the desire and agitation, which the ideas alone of streams and brooks have at that time raised in their breasts, can judge of the emotion with which these poor suffering creatures gazed on a cascade of the most transparent water, which poured from the summit of a rock near a hundred feet high, at a short distance from the ship. We can, in some measure, enter into their feelings. The agonies which arise from thirst, are, perhaps, the most excruciating that can be endured; and what is remarkable, that when the weary spirit has been overpowered with slumber, the wretched sufferer generally dreams of wandering through delightful meadows, moistened with dew, or drinking from the delicious rivulet that meanders through the green pasture. It may be easily conceived that the torture of awaking from such a sleep doubly aggravates the burning anguish that rages through every pore. We can remember when the dying and dead were mingled together, and scorching fever committed its daily ravages—hearing the shrieks—the groans—the entreaties for a draught of water. The last cask had been served out when we made the land, and saw the cool stream as it rushed down from the mountains. With the last remnant of strength all crowded on the deck; the withered hands were extended towards the shore—the shrivelled tongue was thrust forth, as if to catch one drop (though at so great a distance) to cool the burning heat that ran through the veins—the glazed eye fixed upon the banquet till the limbs stiffened in the pangs of death: others, unable to bear the tantalizing view, had swallowed large draughts of salt water, and died raving with insanity. But we turn from this distressing scene to land with the debilitated crew of the *Centurion*, on the island of Juan Fernandez. Soon after the ship had come to an anchor, the *Tryal* sloop appeared in the offing, and shortly after anchored within them. She, too, had undergone great distress, and distemper had considerably thinned her crew. The first attention of the Commodore (whose health was much injured by anxiety and labour,) was to land the sick and afflicted; and for this purpose tents were erected on shore, but it was the 16th before it was fully accomplished: and then one hundred and sixty-seven persons were received in them, exclusive of several who died in the boats on being exposed to the fresh air. The greatest part of the invalids were so infirm, that they were obliged to be conveyed from the ship in their hammocks, and carried afterwards, in the same manner, from the beach to the tents. This was a work of great fatigue

to the few who were yet able to exert themselves; and therefore the Commodore, with his accustomed humanity, not only assisted with his own labour, but obliged his officers, without distinction, to give their helping hand. It was hoped that change of air and diet would have counteracted the effects of disease; but so virulently had it become fixed, that it was nearly twenty days after landing before the mortality had ceased to operate: and for the first ten or twelve days, they buried seldom less than six each day. The seeds which had been sown by Dampier, and cultivated by Selkirk, proved a valuable treasure; and many of the goats, conjectured to have been marked in the ear by De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, thirty years before, were caught or shot. The Commodore having with him garden seeds of various descriptions, and the stones of different sorts of fruits, sowed them for the benefit of future visitors. No place could excel in beauty the spot where Anson took up his abode; and a recent voyager thus describes it.

"After dinner I walked with Lord Cochrane to the valley called Lord Anson's Park. On our way we found numbers of European shrubs and herbs,

———— "Where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild."

And in the half-ruined hedges, which denote the boundaries of former fields, we found apple, pear, and quince trees, with cherries, almost ripe. The ascent is steep and rapid from the beach, even in the valleys; and the long grass was dry and slippery, so that it rendered the walk rather fatiguing: and we were glad to sit down under a large quince tree, on a carpet of balm, bordered with roses, and rest, and feast our eyes with the lovely view before us. Lord Anson has not exaggerated the beauty of the place, or the delights of the climate: we were rather early for its fruits, but even at this time we have gathered delicious figs and cherries, and pears that a few days' sun would have perfected. I was quite sorry to leave our station, in the park, and return to the landing-place, to embark for the dark close ship."

We can recall to memory the enthusiastic feelings which glowed in our breasts when De Foe's narrative first attracted our boyish attention. We can remember in our childish amusements, imitating the solitary wanderer, and following him in his lonely path; but to stand actually on the same ground, and lose yourself in the solemn stillness of the umbrageous forest, there is an enchantment in it that baffles all description; and never was there spot where romantic feelings might be carried to a higher tone.

The fresh fish and vegetables produced the most salutary effects, and disease began to disappear. The sea lion, under the denomination of beef, afforded many a hearty meal, and kid pie became a great delicacy: but amidst their joy and gratitude for deliverance, was mingled a strong feeling of anxiety and sympathy for their consorts. The Tryal having joined them, buoyed up the hope that

the rest might shortly make their appearance; yet when they reflected on their own sufferings and danger, that hope decreased, as each hour added to the desponding suggestions that all had perished. On the 21st June, a ship was discovered to leeward, under her courses and main-topsail, evidently endeavouring to make for the land; but the weather becoming thick and hazy, she was again lost sight of till the 26th, when, about noon, she had approached sufficiently near to be distinguished as the Gloucester. The boats, with suitable refreshments, were immediately despatched; and they found them in the most deplorable situation. "Two-thirds of the crew had already been thrown overboard; and of those that remained alive, scarcely any were capable of doing duty, except the officers and their servants. They had been a considerable time at the small allowance of a pint of fresh water to each man for twenty-four hours; and yet they had so little left, that had it not been for the supply we sent them, they must soon have died of thirst." For upwards of a month was this vessel driven about, sometimes within a few miles of port, and then blown away, out of sight of land, till expectation began to perish; and the remainder of the crew, wasted by disease and famine, rapidly decreased: she was at last delivered from her distressing condition, by being enabled to reach her destined haven. About the middle of August, the victualler arrived, and recruited their stock of European provision. This vessel was the last that joined them, and had suffered but little in the voyage, having been forced, during a gale of wind, into a commodious harbour on the coast of Chili, where she lay for two months: of the others we shall speak hereafter. The *Tryal* had sailed to *Massa Fuero*, conjecturing that some of the squadron might have found shelter there, but she returned without discovering any vestige of them; and, to add to their mortification, on unlading the victualler, they found a great portion of the provision spoiled. The vessel was afterwards broken up, and her stores and men sent on board the other ships. The three men-of-war departed from England with nine hundred and sixty-one men on board, of whom six hundred and twenty-six were dead before this time; and the number that were left, were barely sufficient to man the *Centurion*: an appalling circumstance, when they every day expected to fall in with the fleet under Pizarro.

At the commencement of September, the men were tolerably well recovered; and, a sail appearing in the offing, the *Centurion* got all her hands on board, and went in chase; on the third day, they captured her, and she proved to be a large Spanish merchant ship. From the passengers, they obtained the knowledge of the force and destination of Pizarro's squadron; and they had the satisfaction to find, that, after his utmost endeavours to gain his passage into the South Seas, he had been forced back again into the river *Plata*, with the loss of two of his largest ships; but advice of the British had been sent over land, and an embargo laid upon all shipping by the viceroy of Peru. Eight months, however, having

elapsed, without any intelligence of the Commodore, the Spaniards were induced to believe, that they had perished; and, consequently, the embargo had lately been taken off.

From this time, the ships continued to cruise, with success, against the trade, making several rich captures; but they were compelled to destroy the *Tryal* sloop, as her frame-work was totally decayed. In one of their prizes, they found an Irishman, who gave them some particular intelligence, which induced the Commodore to steer for the town of Païta, on the coast of America. Here they landed a detachment from the ships, and took possession of the town, (the inhabitants making their escape in the darkness of the night,) and obtained a very rich booty in plate and merchandise. After the sacking and destruction of Païta, they proceeded towards Acapulco, (touching at Quito in their passage,) to look out for the galleon from Manilla; but, on their arrival off the port, they learned, that the ship had already reached her destination, and was preparing again for sea. Full of expectation, that the harvest of their fortunes was now ripe, and only required a little skill in the reaping, they continued to watch with diligent attention for their prize; but, unfortunately, the Spaniards had received notice of their close neighbourhood, and the galleon was detained until the following year. Disappointed and dispirited, they made for Chequetan, to wood and water; which, having completed, they bade farewell to the coast of America, May 6th, 1742, to cross the Pacific Ocean for China. In August, the *Gloucester* was found to be in so shattered a state, that it was deemed requisite, for the preservation of her crew, to remove them into the *Centurion*; and the former was set on fire and destroyed. On the 23d, they fell in with two islands, that offered no shelter or relief; and, as sickness and debility had again spread its baneful influence amongst them, the want of refreshment, in sight of land, greatly added to their miseries. On the 27th, they discovered, and stood for, the island of Tinian, with but faint hopes of obtaining the necessary supplies. The boat was sent in shore to survey the place, and shortly returned with a captured *proa*, containing a Spaniard and four Indians, who had mistaken the *Centurion* for the Manilla galleon. From the prisoners, they gained information, that the island was uninhabited, and abounded with all sorts of cattle, and produced a great variety of fruits; indeed, by this time, they were enabled to observe from the ship, numerous herds grazing in different parts of the island; and the whole prospect of the country afforded a delightful view, having more the appearance of a well-cultivated place than one without inhabitants. The Spaniard was a serjeant, commanding a party of Indians, belonging to Guam, that had been employed in jerking beef for the garrison of that island, and a small bark lay ready to receive it, which the Commodore detained. Death had, by this time, so diminished the people of the *Centurion* (composed of the united crews of that ship, the *Gloucester*, *Tryal*, and the victualler, which, when they departed

from England, consisted all together of near a thousand hands,) that they were unable to muster more than seventy-one, capable of standing to a gun, and among these were included several negro and Indian prisoners. As soon as they had anchored, the same kind attention was manifested towards the sick as at Juan Fernandez, and the constant supply of beef, pork, and poultry, with vegetables, fruits, (and particularly the bread fruit,) recruited the almost exhausted strength of the invalids. This island had formerly been inhabited, and still retained marks of having been very populous; but the Spaniards had ravaged it, with their usual barbarity, and then removed the survivors to Guam. The description given of Tinian surpasses the accounts of Juan Fernandez, especially in the fertility of the soil and salubrity of the air; but there was a disadvantage in the former, on account of the rocky anchorage on which the Centurion lay, rendering it extremely unsafe, which they afterwards experienced, by being driven to sea, during a heavy gale, leaving the Commodore, with many of his officers, and a great part of the crew, behind. This distressing event happened in the night, and great was the dismay to those on land, when the first break of day presented a clear roadstead, without any traces of the ship, which they conjectured must have been wrecked, or sunk, and their companions have perished in the deep. In the midst of these gloomy reflections, the Commodore had, doubtless, his share of disquietude, but he always maintained his usual composure and steadiness. The bark of fifteen tons, that brought the Indians from Guam, it was resolved, should be lengthened, to convey them to Macao, and every one cheerfully commenced his laborious occupation; but the many difficulties which presented themselves retarded the progress of the work, and dispirited the people. On the 19th day after being left on shore, they were relieved from their distressing apprehensions, by the appearance of the ship; and a boat, laden with provisions and men, was sent on board to assist in bringing her in, which was accomplished the following afternoon. The condition of the ship, when blown from the land, had been truly deplorable. Her leaks, which before were bad, had much increased, and the masts and yards were unrigged; and, in addition to this, three cables were in the hawse holes, to one of which the sheet anchor was bent. After the most painful exertion and incessant toil, they contrived to master their difficulties, and returned to the island. The Commodore immediately repaired on board, and, on the third day, they were again driven from the anchorage, leaving nearly seventy men on shore; but, as the weather was more favourable, and the ship in a better state of preparation, they returned again, after an absence of five days, to the great joy of their companions on the island, which they quitted, for the third and last time, on the evening of the 21st October, and reached Macao 12th November.—Here they encountered innumerable obstacles, from the shuffling and dishonest propensities of the Chinese, who endeavoured, by every artifice, to prevent the refitting of the

ship; but the firmness and fortitude of the Commodore counteracted their designs, and the Centurion was again ready for sea by the beginning of April, 1743. At Macao, they had the gratification of hearing, that the Pearl and Severn had put back to Rio Janeiro, but in a very deplorable condition. On the 19th April, the Centurion sailed with the expressed intention of returning to England; but, in reality, designing to cruise for the galleon. Day after day passed away in hope and doubt, till the 20th June, when a general burst of joy proclaimed the approach of the expected treasure. The galleon bore down to them bravely; for, being well manned, and knowing the weak emaciated state of the Centurion's crew, they expected to make them surrender without any very great difficulty. "The galleon was much larger than the Centurion, had 550 men, and thirty-six guns mounted for action, besides twenty-eight *pidreros* in her gunwale quarters and tops, each of which carried a four-pound ball." But, after a smart action, British valour prevailed, the Spanish colours were hauled down, and our gallant tars were amply rewarded for their bravery, and the sufferings they had undergone. Having secured their prisoners, (no very easy matter, when nearly treble the number of the conquerors,) and removed the riches into their own ship, the Commodore returned to Macao, where he anchored 11th July. From thence he run into Canton river with his prize, and asserted the independence of his nation, by resisting the extortionable practices of the Chinese, and materially assisted the British merchants, by going to Canton, and visiting the Viceroy. For some time, all efforts to gain an interview were unavailing, through the craft and deception of the mandarines; but a dreadful fire, which destroyed eleven streets full of warehouses, and a hundred shops having been extinguished by the Centurion's people, at the request of the Viceroy, the latter granted an audience to the Commodore, and all grievances were redressed. On the 15th December, the prize was sold for 6,000 dollars, and the same day the anchor of the Centurion was weighed for England. After an excellent passage, (touching at Prince's Island, in the Straits of Sunda, and the Cape of Good Hope, by the way,) they happily reached Spithead, June 15, 1744, and found they had escaped from the peril of capture, by passing through the French fleet in the Chops of the Channel, during a thick fog.

Thus was this expedition finished, when it had lasted three years and nine months; and there is, perhaps, no history of events and transactions that approach nigher to romantic fiction, yet are the real and unvarnished occurrences of naval life. The voyage of Commodore Anson round the globe presents a remarkable series of patient endurance and heroic fortitude, united to clear judgment and sound skill; and proves, beyond a doubt, that Teucer's maxim — "*Nil desperandum*," (which he afterwards assumed as his motto,) was deeply engraven on his heart, and bore him up in the hour of danger.

In the Manilla ship, they had found 1,313,843 pieces of eight,

and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver, beside some articles of merchandise. "The whole treasure taken by the Centurion was not much short of £400,000, independent of the ships and merchandise which she either burnt or destroyed, and which, by the most reasonable estimation, could not amount to so little as £600,000 more; so that the loss of the enemy by our squadron did, doubtless, exceed a million sterling. To which, if there be added the great expense of the Court of Spain, in fitting out Pizarro, and in paying the additional charges in America, incurred on our account, together with the loss of their men-of-war; the total of all these articles will be a most exorbitant sum, and is the strongest conviction of the utility of this expedition, which, with all its numerous disadvantages, did yet prove so extremely prejudicial to the enemy."

Although we have concluded the voyage of Commodore Anson, yet we cannot take leave of the subject, without briefly sketching the future career of a man who had so long eminently performed such a remarkable and conspicuous character in support of our national glory. The treasure he had accumulated was conveyed in wagons, adorned with the colours taken from the enemy, through the streets of London, and deposited in the Tower, amidst the acclamations and rejoicings of thousands of spectators. Anson now rapidly rose to the highest rank in his profession, and was honoured with the friendship and esteem of his sovereign. The handsome compliment paid him by Mons. de la Jonquierre, the French admiral, when six ships of war and four Indiamen were captured, is worthy of being recorded:—on presenting his sword to the victor, the admiral exclaimed, pointing successively to two of his fleet, "Monsieur, vous avez vaincu *L'Invincible*, et *La Gloire* vous suit." For his repeated services he was created a baron; and, in 1751, received an appointment as first lord of the Admiralty. In 1758, he was made commander-in-chief of his Majesty's fleet, and had the honour of conducting the Queen of George the Third to England. His natural disposition was calm, cool, and steady; and, though the execution of Admiral Byng has cast a stain upon his name, yet he was justly esteemed for generosity and humanity. Anson, like Nelson, had his weak side, which rendered him the dupe of the artful and designing. Both were eminently gifted, and highly distinguished themselves as brave and intrepid men; and both have left a tarnish on their fame, for sanctioning a transaction little short of murder. Their actions were the births of many heroes, who are now neglected or forgotten. Anson died on the 6th June, 1762, in the 65th year of his age.

The two greatest evils most dreaded by seamen, are shipwreck and fire. As long as the hardy mariner can keep his bark afloat, and under some command, he entertains the hope of weathering out the gale. Every nerve is strained, every exertion is made, to combat with the elements, and preserve the ship. With what anguish does his sigh respond to the groaning of her timbers, as she rolls her heavy lacerated sides between the hollow of the wave!

There is, perhaps, no scene more awfully grand, more sublimely terrible, than when the tall ship (which, but a few hours before the gale, had stretched her canvass wings and proudly stemmed the billow, while every heart exulted in her speed) is laying like a huge log upon the waters, that rise like mountains to overwhelm her. None but the seaman can tell the hopes and fears, the expectation and despair, that alternately struggle for the mastery in his soul. The gallant vessel, lately the pride of his honest heart, and whose every part bears ample marks of his skilful hand, either for utility or ornament, is writhing, like a giant in the agonies of death; while the roaring breakers dash with impetuous force, and the yawning grave opens to receive its prey. Home, with all its joys, becomes a thousand times more dear. The parent, the husband, the relative, or friend, calls to remembrance the last endearments of those he is about to quit for ever, and his struggling spirit clings more firmly to existence. Wave after wave breaks over him as he clings to the shattered remnant of the wreck, and views the mess-mate who had shared his toil and joined in his distress, torn from his side by the raging billow and plunged into the dark abyss. He hears the piercing shriek that bursts from the drowning victim, in the last stage of frail mortality; and gazes with indescribable anguish on his dying sufferings, deeming them a prelude to his own. But should he be enabled to reach the shore, still, unless it is on some hospitable and friendly coast, most probably a horrid and lingering death awaits him. Yet, after all, if he should escape those perils, they are soon forgotten, and he once more launches on the deep to tempt its hidden dangers.

Among the vessels that composed the squadron of Commodore Anson, was the *Wager*, store ship, mounting twenty-eight guns, and carrying one hundred and sixty men. This ship had been an old Indiaman, purchased into the service on this occasion, for the purpose of receiving the necessary stores for refitting the rest, and the merchandise which the agent victuallers were to dispose of for provisions. A ship thus deeply laden, and manned with a crew, consisting of men pressed from long voyages to be sent against their inclination upon a distant and hazardous service; while the land forces were nothing more than a poor detachment of infirm and decrepid invalids from Chelsea hospital, desponding under the apprehension of the dangers of the undertaking; was ill calculated for the difficulties of so perilous a navigation, and strongly displays the recklessness of government in fitting out the expedition. The *Wager* was wrecked upon the coast of Patagonia, and many of her crew perished. Some who were disabled by the scurvy died in their hammocks; the rest crowded to the deck.

"In this terrifying and critical juncture to have observed all the various modes of horror, operating according to the several characters and complexions amongst us, it was necessary that the observer himself should have been free from all impressions of danger. Instances there were, however, of behaviour so very remarkable, they could not escape the notice of any one who was not entirely bereaved of his senses; for some were in this condition to all intents and purposes,

particularly one, in the ravings of despair brought upon him, was seen stalking about the deck, flourishing a cutlass over his head, and calling himself the king of the country, and striking every body he came near, till his companions, seeing no other security against his tyranny, knocked him down."

Another, with heroic coolness, displayed an astonishing presence of mind.

"The man at the helm, though both rudder and tiller were gone, kept his station; and being asked by one of the officers, if the ship would steer or not, first took his time to make trial by the wheel, and then answered, with as much respect and coolness as if the ship had been in the greatest safety; and then immediately after applied himself, with his usual serenity, to his duty, persuaded it did not become him to desert it as long as the ship kept together."

When the ship struck, Captain Cheap, the commander, was confined below, having dislocated his shoulder the day before; but no entreaty could induce him to attempt his own safety, till, finding that many of the people had flown to that last desperate resource, inebriation, and all prospect of saving them was at an end, he suffered himself to be helped out of his bed, put into the boat, and carried on shore. To enumerate the privations and dangers to which they were now exposed, would be a detail of the most aggravated distress and unparalleled hardships. Their deliverance from immediate destruction, by getting on land, was wonderful, and to men on the point of perishing, was, for the time, the highest attainment of their wishes; but, on looking round, a scene of horror every where presented itself. On one side, lay the wreck beating to pieces, (and which contained all they had to subsist on,) while the sea came rolling in with the most appalling fury. The land did not wear a more favourable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of culture, or any means of affording a temporary supply to the cravings of hunger. The night was stormy, the rain poured down in torrents, and not the smallest shelter, except the remains of an Indian hut, presented itself; into which they huddled together without distinction, and waited for the light of day. Some of the people had preferred remaining on board to indulge in intoxication, and numbers perished from this cause. Indeed, it appears that the crew of the *Wager* was principally composed of lawless and desperate characters, who considered their captain's authority at an end with the loss of the ship; nor was the captain himself exempt from blame, in his endeavours to govern with harsh severity, rather than conciliate by condescending kindness; and to this may, in a great degree, be imputed the miseries they afterward endured. It is lamentable to reflect on the numerous instances where valuable lives have been sacrificed, through the haughty demeanour, or rash impetuosity, of men who would best study their own interest by promoting the welfare of those whom circumstances have placed under their command. How noble was the conduct of Anson! his humanity, fortitude, and temper, never forsook him, even on the most trying occasions; nor did he ever exert his power unmercifully, or with wanton cruelty. He was

obeyed with alacrity, and revered through attachment. What a striking contrast to the man who first, by an unwarrantable stretch of his power, alienates his seamen; and then, with unpardonable rashness, destroys the life of a fellow creature, from a jealousy of his prerogative. This was the case with Captain Cheap. The survivors from the wreck considered (erroneously, we grant) that the change in their circumstances levelled the great distinction which had been maintained on board; and the captain, by his distant pride and unfeeling conduct on several occasions, inflamed them to mutiny; the officers came in for their share of his insolence, and, being separated from their commander, began to mingle with the men, and consulted for their mutual safety. On one occasion, Mr. Cozens, a midshipman, quarrelled with the purser, and some words arising, the latter told him he was come to mutiny, and instantly fired a pistol at his head, which narrowly missed him.

"The captain hearing the report of the pistol, and, perhaps, the purser's words, that Cozens was come to mutiny, ran out of his hut, with a cocked pistol in his hand, and without asking any questions immediately shot him through the head. I was, at this time, (says Mr. Byron) in my hut, as the weather was extremely bad, but running out on the alarm of this firing, the first thing I saw was Mr. Cozens on the ground, weltering in his blood; he was sensible, and took me by the hand, as he did several others, shaking his head, as if he meant to take leave of us."

Such a sight, and at such a time, naturally irritated the people, and though they disguised their sentiments for the present, it was very evident this action had much exasperated them, and the effect would shortly show itself in some desperate enterprise. Whatever excuse can be made for Captain Cheap, for thus wantonly putting to death one of his officers, humanity shudders while concluding the account.

"The unhappy victim, who lay weltering in his blood on the ground before them, (the seamen,) seemed to absorb their whole attention; the eyes of all were fixed upon him, and visible marks of the deepest concern appeared in the countenances of the spectators. The persuasion the captain was under at the time he shot Mr. Cozens, that his intentions were mutinous, together with a jealousy of the diminution of his authority, occasioned also his behaving with less compassion and tenderness towards him afterwards, than was consistent with the unhappy condition of the poor sufferer; for, when it was begged as a favour by his messmates, that Mr. Cozens might be removed to their tent, though a necessary thing in his dangerous situation, yet it was not permitted; but the poor wretch was suffered to languish on the ground some days, with no other covering than a bit of canvass thrown over some bushes, where he died."

The long-boat had been saved from the wreck, and they prepared to enlarge her sufficiently to convey them all from these inhospitable shores, where death continually stared them in the face. Hunger, with all its attendant horrors, frequently compelled them to feed on rotten putrid substances; and some were suspected of eating parts of the bodies of their dead companions that were constantly washing up on the rocks. When the long-boat was finished, the captain proposed sailing to the northward, and capturing the first vessel they should fall in with, and proceed to join the Comodore; but the majority of the officers and men determined on

returning to the southward, through the Straits of Magellan, to endeavour to reach the coast of Brazil. Had Captain Cheap even now consulted with his officers, and not have been so tenacious of his superior authority, matters might, in all probability, have been amicably adjusted, and many lives saved; but with the same unbending stubbornness, he refused all interference, and the affair of Cozens was adopted as a plea to deprive him of his command. Finding, however, he was resolute in his determination of not accompanying them, they were about to employ force, when the persuasions of the leader urged them to leave him, with nineteen others, behind. Their number at first landing amounted to one hundred and forty-five, but famine and disease had reduced them to one hundred. Of these, eighty-one embarked in the long-boat, cutter, and barge; fifty-nine on board the first, twelve in the second, and ten in the last. The provision and ammunition they had been enabled to save from the wreck, offered but a very scanty pittance, and was all in the launch. The barge, with her crew, among whom was the author (Byron), returned to Captain Cheap; but, as their portion of victuals was left in the other boats, they were reduced to the most urgent necessity; nor would the party, who had at first remained behind, supply their wants with the smallest aid. Many attempts were made to quit the island, but they were obliged to return. The agonizing distresses they endured are too many to be enumerated here; some were put on shore at different places, and there left to perish, while others fell away through toil and famine. They had been several times visited by Indians; and, at last, a Cacique, from the neighbourhood of Chiloe, undertook to conduct them from this dreadful place; and, accordingly, they attempted once more.

"I had hitherto steered the boat, but one of our men, sinking under fatigue, expired soon after, which obliged me to take the oar in his room, and row against this heart-breaking stream. Whilst I was thus employed, one of our men, whose name was John Bosman, though hitherto the stoutest man among us, fell from his seat under the thwarts, complaining that his strength was quite exhausted for want of food, and that he should die very shortly. As he lay in this condition, he would every now and then break out in the most pathetic wishes for some little sustenance, that two or three mouthfuls might be the means of saving his life. The captain, at this time, had a large piece of boiled seal by him, and was the only one that was provided with any thing like a meal; but we were become so hardened against the impressions of others' sufferings by our own, so familiarized to scenes of this and every other kind of misery, that the poor man's dying entreaties were vain. I sat next to him when he dropped, and, having a few dried shell-fish (about five or six) in my pocket, from time to time put one in his mouth, which served only to prolong his pains, from which, however, soon after my little supply failed, he was released by death."

Mr. Byron, after censuring the captain's barbarity, in a feeling manner, adds—

"The captain had better opportunities of recruiting his stock than any of us, for his rank was considered by the Indian as a reason for supplying him when he would not find a bit for us. Upon the evening of the day in which these disasters happened, the captain, producing a large piece of boiled seal, suffered no one to

partake with him but the surgeon, who was the only man in favour at this time. We did not expect, indeed, any relief from him in our present condition, for we had a few small muscles and herbs to eat; but the men could not help expressing the greatest indignation at his neglect of the deceased, saying, that he deserved to be deserted by the rest, for his savage behaviour."

Having landed one day, and made an ineffectual search for food, six of the men, on their return, advanced before the officers, jumped into the boat, and pushed off from the shore, leaving the captain, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Campbell, and the author, to bewail this unwarrantable treachery. Every thing they possessed was in the barge, and they were at once deprived of every hope; but the Indian again returned, and took two of them off in his canoe, landing occasionally for rest and food. On one occasion,

"About two hours after the close of the day, we put ashore, where we discovered six or seven wigwams. For my part, my strength was so exhausted with fatigue and hunger, that it would have been impossible for me to have held out another day at this toilsome work. As soon as we landed, the Indian conducted Captain Cheap with him into a wigwam; but I was left to shift for myself."

Mr. Byron, in a starving condition, thrust himself into another wigwam, almost desperate. In it, he found two women, who were struck with astonishment, at seeing such a figure. Having stared at him for some time, they quitted the hut; but shortly returned. Mr. B. sat down by the fire to dry his rags, not without apprehensions of seeing two or three men enter, and thrust him out, at the least.

"One of these women appeared young and handsome for an Indian; the other old, and as frightful as it is possible to conceive any thing in human shape to be."

"Soon after, the two women came in again, having, as I supposed, conferred with the Indian, our conductor, and appearing to be in great good humour, began to chatter and laugh immoderately. Perceiving the wet and cold condition I was in, they seemed to have compassion on me; and the old woman went out and brought some wood, with which she made a good fire."

Hunger, however, was the most poignant trouble, and these poor creatures dressed their only fish to satisfy him. They then strewed some boughs, and the weary sailor laid himself down to sleep; but awaking three or four hours afterwards,

"I found myself covered with a bit of blanket, made of the down of birds, which the women usually wear about their waist. The young woman, who had carefully covered me, whilst sleeping, with her own blanket, was lying close by me; the old woman lay on the other side of her."

The cravings of appetite, which had been sharpened by the previous meal, made him again implore for more victuals, when these poor Indians quitted the hut, and,

"After an hour's absence, they came in trembling with cold, and their hair streaming with water, and brought me two fish, which having broiled, they gave me the largest share, and then we all laid down as before."

Who will not call to mind Ledyard's beautiful description of the invariable hospitality, and ready and kind assistance, which he ever found, in his various wanderings, women delighted to supply.

From this time, Mr. Byron was chiefly indebted to these women for support; for though their husbands returned soon after, yet they constantly endeavoured to devote, by stealth, some portion of their own provision, to administer to the wants of the stranger.

About the middle of March, they again embarked with the Indians, and, shortly after, Mr. Elliot, the surgeon, died, being literally starved to death; and, indeed, from the state of misery to which the survivors were reduced, they all bid fair to follow: and, to add to their distress, they were so swarming with vermin, that it was impossible to rest.

"But we were clean in comparison to Captain Cheap, for I could compare his body to nothing but an ant-hill, with thousands of those insects crawling over it, for he was now past attempting to rid himself in the least from this torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting our names that were about him, nor even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, that and his face being covered with train-oil and dirt, from having long accustomed himself to sleep upon a bag, by the way of pillow, in which he kept the stinking seal. This prudent method he took to prevent our getting at it whilst he slept: his legs were as big as mill-posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone."

Mr. Hamilton separated from them, and the others proceeded till they arrived at the island of Chiloe, where the compassionate Indians supplied their necessities with every thing their hearts could desire. They were now delivered as prisoners of war into the hands of the Spaniards. Mr. Byron adds—

"It is amazing, that our eating to that excess we had done, from the time we first got amongst these Indians, had not killed us; we were never satisfied, and used to take all opportunities, for months after, of filling our pockets, when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves."

Among the Spaniards, they received the most humane and kind attention; and Mr. Byron captivated a young lady to that degree, that a proposal of marriage was made by the uncle, who, to enhance the value of the bride, displayed his wealth by way of inducement.

"Amongst other things, he produced a piece of linen, which he said, should immediately be made up into shirts for me. I own this last article was a great temptation to me; however, I had the resolution to withstand it, and made the best excuses I could for not accepting of the honour they intended me."

The author, after escaping this and a variety of other perils, was sent with his companions to Valparaiso, from whence they sailed in the *Lys*, belonging to St. Maloes, and reached St. Domingo; but pursued their route after a few days, and arrived at Brest. Hence, they were permitted to take their passage to England in a Dutchman, and happily reached their native land in safety, after a series of extraordinary scenes and unfortunate adventures, in which they had suffered every degree of privation and distress for upwards of five years. Of the men who went away in the long-boat, some got to England, others were left on shore at different places, and many perished by the way.

Morris, a midshipman, and with him two or three others, passed

over land, across the continent, to Buenos Ayres, conducted by the Indians who had taken them prisoners; but they were redeemed by the Spaniards, and treated with generous kindness.

The fleet which had been despatched under Pizarro, to defeat Commodore Anson, consisted of four ships of the line, a frigate, and a vessel of twenty guns; and though Anson's squadron suffered severely from disasters, yet Pizarro's were still more fatal on account of his improvidence respecting stores and provisions. On board the *Asia*, (the Admiral's ship) rats, when they could be caught, were sold for four dollars a piece; and a sailor, who died on board, had his death concealed some days by his brother, who, during that time, lay in the same hammock with the corpse, only to receive the dead man's allowance of provision. Of all the fleet, only this ship returned to Europe; and a circumstance occurred on the passage worthy of recording, as it strongly marks the undaunted spirit of the Indians. Eleven of these, with a chief named Orellana, were forced on board at Monte Video, against their will, to navigate the ship, but the cruel treatment they met with from the officers, instigated them to revenge their wrongs. On a given signal, these desperate men rushed on the quarter-deck, brandishing their knives, killing all who came in their way, and gained possession of a vessel mounting sixty-six guns, with a crew of five hundred men. After the panic had a little subsided, one of the officers who had retreated to the cabin, was fortunate enough to shoot Orellana dead on the spot; on which, his faithful companions, abandoning all thoughts of further resistance, instantly leaped into the sea, where every man perished. Thus terminated these expeditions, in which human life was sacrificed without a cause. The descriptions of them are calculated to excite astonishment and pride in the mariners of the present day, who navigate their ships through the same dangers, and sail round the globe frequently without losing a man. For the great improvement in cleanliness and ventilation, so necessary to health, we are principally indebted to Captain Cook, whose name will ever stand on the highest rolls of fame for skill, courage, and humanity.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE POPE.

You wish for some details upon the early history of the present Pope Annibal della Genga. I believe that very few, if any, of the foreigners now in Rome have it in their power to satisfy your curiosity upon that subject. A month back I could myself have only sent you some vague generalities or uninteresting facts, uncharacteristic of the man or the country; but during a visit to Naples I was fortunate enough to fall in with an old *habitué* of the papal court, from whom I learned some curious particulars of the life of

his present Holiness. He is, like the Count d'Artois in France, a reformed man of pleasure, and, like most other converts, possesses, or affects to possess, a greater rigidity of manners than if he had never strayed from the golden path of propriety. His present elevated station he owes in a great measure to the beauty of his person and the elegance of his manners. The immediate predecessor of the last Pope, Pius VI. was a very handsome man, as far as a man can be called handsome, whose features, though regular, were wanting in dignified expression. However this may be, he took pleasure, like Murat, in forming his court of the best-looking men amongst the aspirants for ecclesiastical dignities. About 1783, he was desirous of making some historical researches, with a view to the framing of a new arrangement for the government of the Catholic churches in Germany; and for this purpose he was anxiously seeking for a private secretary upon whose discretion he might rely. Having remarked one day at the *Capelle Papale* (the Pope's mass) a young man of the most noble and prepossessing appearance, the Marquis della Genga, who had just entered into orders, he had him sent for secretly that night. On his coming into the presence, the Pope at once gave him to understand, that in case he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his zeal and discretion, he should charge himself with advancing his fortune. He then told him that he was to repair five times a week at nine o'clock at night to the private door of his Holiness's apartment, and that if he perceived a small piece of paper thrown, apparently by chance, near the door, he should knock, and that he himself, the Pope, would open it to him, when he would have to write under his dictation upon the ecclesiastical affairs of Germany until one or two o'clock in the morning. The task finished, the Abbé della Genga was to quit the Pope's apartments with the same precaution and mystery. These secret proceedings continued for a year without being discovered. At the end of that period, Cardinal Colnacci, uncle to the Cardinal Gonzalvi, and one of the most ambitious men at the court of Rome, got an intimation that the Pope was secretly employed upon some grave matter or other. The ascertaining the nature of this became most interesting and important in a despotic court, where every one has something to hope or to fear. Skilful and insinuating secret-developers were set to work upon the *Camerieri* of the Pope, but without the desired success, as these persons knew nothing of the nocturnal occupations of his Holiness. The most adroit measures were resorted to to discover if any one about the court was in the secret, but in vain; the mystery still remained unrevealed. Arguses were placed near all the avenues of the Pope's chamber, but nothing was seen that could clear up the darkness. At length, after several months spent in useless efforts, Cardinal Colnacci engaged his nephew, Monsignore Gonzalvi, to stand sentinel near the door of a private staircase which led to the Pope's apartments. On the second night of his being in ambuscade near the door, Monsignore Gonzalvi saw a man ascend the staircase, whose features he could

not distinguish for the obscurity of the passage. He saw this unknown individual knock at a door, which to his great astonishment was opened by the Pope in person, and the nocturnal visiter was admitted. Monsignore Gonzalvi remained a considerable time awaiting the return of this mysterious person, but not seeing him reappear, he concluded that he remained all night in the papal apartments, and quitted them at an early hour in the morning by the ordinary issues. Upon this supposition the most clear-sighted spies were posted at all the usual entrances to the Pope's apartments, but they could see no one come out but those who were known to inhabit the palace, as belonging to the papal household, or else those persons whom they had before seen to enter. The third night after the above-mentioned discovery, Monsignore Gonzalvi returned to his hiding-place in the private staircase, and about nine o'clock he again saw a man cautiously approaching the door of the Pope's apartment, when he hesitated not to seize him by the arm, upon which the unknown personage uttered a cry of surprise, and Monsignore Gonzalvi instantly recognized the Abbé della Genga, to whom he said "We are here upon the same errand; do not, I beseech you, my dear Della Genga, betray me." Della Genga, though confounded by the rencontre, yet said nothing that could compromise himself; and as the Cardinal Colnacci, uncle to Gonzalvi, was an enemy not to be despised, he resolved to say nothing to the Pope of the circumstance. Eight or ten days afterwards Gonzalvi met Della Genga as if by accident, and said to him, "I hope you have kept my secret; my labours with his Holiness are drawing to a close, and yours will not last much longer," &c. It would be too long, and besides too difficult, to follow all the turns and doublings of this Italian dialogue, in which all the resources of the keenest finesse were employed by these two Roman courtiers; suffice it to say that Gonzalvi proved too much for the young abbé, who let it escape, that the Pope's researches upon the German bishoprics were nearly terminated, and that when finished he should take up the subject of the noble chapters. A month or so afterwards, Cardinal Colnacci, to whom Pius VI. was speaking familiarly of his health, said to the Pope, "Your Holiness's indisposition must, in a great measure, be attributed to the too severe application you give to your researches upon the German churches."—"How upon the German churches?" replied the Pope; and then ensued a similar tortuous conversation to that between Gonzalvi and Della Genga, full of apparent *laissez aller*, but real finesse; at the conclusion of which the Pope entreated the Cardinal to inform him how he had come to the knowledge of the fact. The Cardinal, who affected great reluctance, allowed himself to be entreated for a long time, and at length told his Holiness, that the young Abbé della Genga had a mistress from whom he had no secret, and that he told her that the subject of the noble chapters would be taken up as soon as his Holiness had concluded that of the German bishoprics. The Pope appeared to receive this disclosure with the ut-

most indifference, and only replied by a single expression, *solite legerezze!* That same evening, a person stationed in the private staircase, saw the poor Abbé della Genga seeking anxiously, but in vain, for something on the ground near the door of the Pope's apartment,—the little piece of paper. He at length knocked softly several times at the door of the Pope's chamber; but it not being opened to him, he went away at the end of an hour. The persons who were interested in preventing the Pope from adopting a new favourite, soon became convinced, by the state of deep melancholy in which the Abbé della Genga seemed plunged, that he had lost the Pope's confidence. Whether it were profound policy or real grief, the Abbé della Genga appeared the victim of sorrow and disappointment; he even no longer appeared at the chase, which had been hitherto almost his ruling passion. This change was sufficiently accounted for by the alteration in his prospects. He had neither wealth nor influence, and yet, during an entire year, there was no station at the Papal court to which he might not reasonably have looked forward from the Pope's predilection for him. From the height of these brilliant hopes he fell all of a sudden into the ranks of the ordinary prelacy, with no other destination than that of being the handsomest man amongst the Monsignori. Though it is from this class that the Pope selects those destined to fill the highest offices, yet it may, and often has happened, that an individual may pass the whole of his life as a mere monsignore without appointments or consideration. There were not probably four persons at the court of Rome, able to penetrate the cause of the young Abbé della Genga's sudden melancholy; as he had confided the secret favour he enjoyed to no one; the only persons acquainted with it were the Pope, Cardinal Colnacci and Gonzalvi. For some months before this fatal surprise, the Abbé della Genga had been a constant visiter at the house of Madame Pfiffer, who is still alive and residing at Rome. The husband of this lady, General Pfiffer, had at that time the command of the Swiss guards of the Pope. It seems, if the scandal of the "Eternal City" be worthy of credit, that the Abbé della Genga turned to some advantage his misfortune, by persuading the pretty Madame Pfiffer, that his profound melancholy was the result of ill-requited love. After a lapse of four or five months, the reports of the agents of Cardinal Colnacci, who had never ceased to watch, and "prate of the whereabouts" of the Abbé della Genga, convinced the Cardinal beyond a doubt, that there no longer existed any relation between his Holiness and the Abbé; besides, the Pope was no longer seen to retire to his private cabinet at those hours in the evening, which he was formerly accustomed to devote to his researches upon the German churches. It was in vain that the Abbé della Genga sought to draw upon himself the eyes of Pius VI. in the public audiences or promenades of that Pontiff. Alas! for him there was no speculation in those holy eyes. Whatever the result of his assiduous attentions towards Madame Pfiffer had been, the abbé's habitual melancholy still remained in

full force: when one evening about nine o'clock, twelve or thirteen months after his disgrace, a man suddenly accosted him as he passed by the Fountain of Trevi, which is not far distant from the Quirinal Palace, at that time the residence of Pius VI. This person asked him abruptly if he were willing to follow him; the Abbé replied, "Proceed." The man immediately took the direction of the Quirinal Palace, entered the grand portal, glided swiftly and silently along the immense portico, and in a few minutes the Abbé, to his inexpressible joy, found himself at the feet of the Pope: without uttering a single word, he threw himself upon his knees (which in this country is the etiquette), and burst into tears. "My child, tell me the truth." Such were the few and simple words pronounced by his Holiness, for in this country they are enemies to circumlocution and *bavardage*, in the intimate relations of life. The Abbé della Genga then narrated circumstantially how he had been discovered by Gonzalvi, and detailed at length the wily finesse resorted to afterwards to surprise his discretion. His Holiness listened for a considerable time without once interrupting him, and when he had finished, said, "I see that you have not wilfully betrayed the confidence I reposed in you; you are too much agitated this evening to resume your task, but return to-morrow night, and be discreet." The poor Abbé was near becoming mad with joy; for on quitting the Quirinal Palace, he hastened to the house of Madame Pfiffer, where he burst into a violent passion of tears, and continued weeping for a considerable time. The only words Madame Pfiffer could get from him, were a most vehement entreaty not to speak of the situation in which she saw him to any one. The next day he resumed his occupations in the Pope's private cabinet; and for fifteen days his return to favour remained unsuspected by any one, he giving no outward sign of the auspicious change, but still continuing to wear the same melancholy and disappointed air, and even refraining from the chase, his favourite amusement. One day, however, at a public audience, the Pope had it officially intimated to him that he should remain to partake of the papal dinner. This simple message sounded like a thunder-clap in the ears of the Abbé's enemies. In a few hours the news of his high favour became the talk of all Rome. As the good fortune of the Abbé went on rapidly increasing, his enemies were obliged to resort to the most energetic measures to check, if possible, his career. They endeavoured to alarm the Pope into a diminution of his favour for the Abbé della Genga, by having intimated to his Holiness, from various quarters, the great scandal occasioned by the Abbé's attachment to Madame Pfiffer. Pius VI. turned a contemptuous ear to these tales; and about a year or eighteen months afterwards (so slow things proceed in this holy court) his Holiness one day at dinner, where was present the Abbé della Genga amongst other prelates, seeing some fine partridges brought upon the table, said to his master of the palace, "I shall not eat of these birds to-day; they appear to me, how-

ever, to be excellent: take them, with my respects, to Madame Pfiffer." These words confounded and rendered hopeless the enemies of the Abbé. It is even said that Gonzalvi became suddenly sick, and was obliged to retire from the table. The favour of Della Genga was now unbounded; besides his usual time of transacting business with the Pope, he had several hours every week of private conference with his Holiness. One day this prince said to him, "I feel myself becoming old and infirm, and, if I should be suddenly taken away, you would find yourself in a very unfortunate situation; for your interest, therefore, we had better now separate. You must enter into the career of legation, which, sooner or later, will bring you a cardinal's hat." It was in vain that the Abbé della Genga, who, after an acquaintance of four or five years, was still passionately attached to Madame Pfiffer, besought his Holiness to permit him to remain at Rome. The Pope only said to him, "You talk like a child; you are too poor, and have too many enemies to think of remaining here." Soon after this conversation the legation of Munich becoming vacant, the Abbé della Genga was nominated to it; and the first intimation he had of the circumstance was the *biglietto* (official notice) of his appointment. It is said the Pope was most deeply affected on taking leave of him. The sacrifice was not a slight one on the part of Monsignore della Genga; for, since his high favour, he had become a man of the world; and from his fine person, amiable manners, and cultivated mind, was a general favourite, except with those whose ambition he crossed, amongst the higher classes in Rome. His parting from Madame Pfiffer was the cruellest blow of all. However its effects seemed to have been more permanent on the lady (whose grief formed the tittle-tattle of Rome for some time) than on the lover; for in a few months the intelligence was received from Munich, that the amiable legate was a distinguished favourite of the Electress. His time while at Munich was divided between the pleasures of the chase, gallantry, and ecclesiastical affairs. If public rumour is to be believed, he left behind him in that city three children, who are still alive. However this may be, there is one thing certain, that the King of Bavaria, being at table when the intelligence reached him of Cardinal della Genga having been elevated to the papal throne as Leo XII. could not, from certain recollections flashing across his mind, refrain from making merry with his courtiers on the occasion. As the election of Pius VII. at Venice, in 1800, brought Cardinal Gonzalvi, as his secretary of state, into full power, Monsignore della Genga judged, and judged rightly, that his occupation as legate was gone; for shortly after he was recalled to Rome, where he found himself without consideration or employment. It was then that his passion for the chase knew no limits; and he became the intimate friend of all the most famous sportsmen in Rome and the neighbourhood. However, as he was still not without pretensions, and as many persons vaunted his skill in diplomatic affairs, Cardinal Gonzalvi resolved to give a

death-blow to his reputation in that way, by charging him with a mission, success in which should be impossible. The occasion, as he thought, presented itself on the return, in 1814, of the Bourbons to France. Monsignore della Genga was sent to congratulate the King of France, and to endeavour to get him to renounce, in favour of the Court of Rome, certain advantages which the Gallican church had laid claim to since the time of Louis XIV., and the confirmation of which the Emperor had obtained by his famous concordat. Monsignore della Genga, thus charged with a supposed impossible mission, arrived in Paris in 1814, and was not a little astonished to find that the French Government was far from being averse to granting his demand. He immediately despatched a courier to Rome, acquainting Cardinal Gonzalvi with his hopes. This error was regarded here as one of the greatest he could have been guilty of, and completely destroyed his reputation with the long heads of this country. From that moment Monsignore della Genga was set down as an *étourdi*, altogether incapable of making his way as a diplomatist. In this court a fault of that kind is never pardoned, excused, or forgotten. He should have written vaguely, and talked of the difficulties that obstructed him, and not have despatched a courier, but with the arrangement formally signed. Such an un-hoped-for termination of so difficult an affair must have forced his enemy to bestow upon him the first vacant cardinal's hat. The moment Cardinal Gonzalvi received the despatch of the inconsiderate legate, he hastened to the Pope, and told him that he was under the necessity of immediately setting out for Paris, as without his presence the affairs of the church were in jeopardy. At Rome France stands highest in estimation, from the consideration which her adherence reflects upon the Holy See in Europe; Spain is chiefly valued on account of the money she pours into the papal coffers, and Catholic Germany is looked upon as a kind of rebellious state, which plays the same part as the republic of Venice did formerly. Four hours after the receipt of the imprudent despatch of Monsignore della Genga, Cardinal Gonzalvi was whirling along the road to Paris. In the mean time the affairs of the church had gone on so prosperously in the capital of France, that twelve or fourteen days after the departure of the fatal despatch, Monsignore della Genga was on the point of having the arrangement signed, when one morning, as he was preparing to go to the minister's, his carriage waiting for him at the door, he was surprised by the entrance of Cardinal Gonzalvi, who embraced him and said,—“I have come here, the affair being so important, to put the finishing hand to the concordat of the Emperor.” In less than a quarter of an hour, the Cardinal having received all the necessary documents from the thunderstruck legate, got into his carriage and drove to the Tuileries. A few minutes after his departure, the unfortunate legate fell bathed in his blood, a hemorrhoidal hemorrhage having declared itself, which reduced him to the point of death, and from which he had little desire to escape. The physicians had him re-

moved to Montrouge, where he recovered the immediate effects of the accident, but this malady has never since ceased to afflict him, reducing him once a year at least to the last extremity. It was an attack of this kind that had nearly deprived us of his Holiness on the 24th of last December: upon which occasion Cardinal Galeffi administered to his Holiness the *viaticum*, a ceremony which Leo XII. has undergone no less than eighteen times since the fatal revolution in his system in 1814. B.

FROM KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

TALE OF A CHEMIST.

THE advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable. Some nice and sensitive chemists have foreborne the search of the *ne plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that as gold is the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the indefinite increase of that metal might be the unlimited multiplication of human evil: but forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of an art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity,—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the pro-

portions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles; which were no longer curbed by the re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend,—closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy unsteady motion of a man in water whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion,—but, gracious heaven! imagine my horror and distress, when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and, when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known;—they called to me, and I answered; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas! I thought, would to God it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I

still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I must starve and be stared at! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to heaven—but heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunoff;—the blow and the deep intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades: I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and run as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd—looked upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burnt my pump, and left gravity to its own operations. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things;—such a discovery was no everyday occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though

my body would have at least sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my imitable performance on the tight-rope: but when at last I stood bare-foot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprang into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions. But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her, and determined in some great pursuit to forget my disappointment. A thought struck me. I knew that mortal man had conceived nothing so sublime, and yet it was in my power! I prepared a large tube, and bound myself round with vast bales of provisions, which, with myself, I severally divested of gravity. It was a bright moonlight night. I stood in my garden, with a weightless watch in my hand, gazing on the heavens through the tube. I am confident there was in my face the intrepid air of one who on great occasions can subdue the little feelings of the heart. I had resolved on visiting the planet Venus, and had prudently waited till she was in that part of her orbit which was most distant from the sun and nearest to the earth; the first of which might enable me to endure the heat of her atmosphere, and the latter to subsist on the stock of provisions I could conveniently carry. In fact, I had no doubt but that owing to the extreme cold of a great part of the journey, the evaporations from the pores of my body would be little or nothing, and I could, consequently, subsist on a trifling meal. I had arranged some elastic rods of steel to project me with considerable velocity along the tube, the moment the planet should face it; and, by simple multiplication, I was enabled, from the given velocity of projection, and the known distance of the planet, to compute to a day the period of my arrival there. In fact I took double provision, partly from over-abundant precaution, and partly to support me on an immediate return, in case I found the heat oppressive. The moment approached—arrived! The planet stood shining on me down the tube. I looked wildly round me for a last farewell, and was on the point of loosing the springs, when a horrid doubt flashed on me. United saints of Constantinople! should a light breeze blow me from the line of projection, aye, even a single inch, I should shoot past the planet, fly off into immeasurable space and darkness from eternity, whirl raving along cold uncomfortable chaos, or plunge headlong into the sun itself! A moment more, and I had been lost. I stood fixed like a statue, with distended lips, gazing on the frightful planet; my eyes swam round,—my ears rung with hideous sounds,—all my limbs were

paralyzed; I shrieked wildly, fainted, and should have sunk to earth, had I not been utterly devoid of weight. But, lifeless as my body stood, my thoughts still teemed with the frightful horrors I had escaped: my phrenzy bore me on my voyage, and to this day the recollections of the delirium are fresh on my mind. Methought I was on the very journey I had meditated;—already the earth had faded to a twinkling speck, and Venus, with an expanded disk, lay glittering before me: unhappy being! I had committed blunder on blunder; I had forgot the motion of the planet herself, and the effects of refraction and the aberration of light, and I saw, at the distance of many hundred miles, that I should exactly miss her. It was even so: imagine the horrors of my dream, when, after a bitter journey of twenty-three millions of miles, I exactly missed her by a foot;—had there been a tree, a bush, or a large stone, I might have saved myself. I strained my powerless fingers at the planet in vain;—I skimmed along the surface rapidly, and at length found myself as swiftly leaving it on one side as I had approached it on the other. And then I fancied I was rushing quickly towards the sun, and, in an approach of some years, suffered as many years the horrid anticipation of approaching combustion. Well, I thought I passed safely and unscathed by the sun, and launched past him into infinite darkness, except where a stray comet, carrying fuel to the sun, flashed a few years' glitter on my path. Sometimes, in the utter silence of this boundless solitude, some large unseen body would whiz by me with a rushing whirl, rolling in its orbit even here beyond the reach of light, yet still obeying the universal laws of gravitation;—alas, how I envied that mass its gravity! And then I heard strange sounds, the hisses of snakes and the shrieks of evil spirits, but saw nothing: sometimes I felt my body pierced, and bruised, and blown about by the winds; and heard my name screamed out at intervals in the waste: and then all would pass away, and leave me still shooting silently on in the same black, hopeless, everlasting track.

After this my phrenzy turned, and methought I stood even on the surface of the planet Venus. The ground, if ground it was, seemed nothing but colour: I stooped to touch it—my hand passed unresisted through the surface. There was a perpetual undulation on its face; not of substance, but of colour: every hue I had seen was there; but all were light, and pale, and fleeting; blue faded into violet, violet to the lightest green, green into gentle silver, in perpetual and quick succession. I looked round for the inhabitants of this strange place;—methought they too were colours; I saw innumerable forms of bright hues moving to and fro;—they had neither shape nor substance—but their outline was in continual change, now swelling to a circle, sinking to an oval, and passing through every variety of curve; emitting the most glittering coruscations, and assuming every diversity of tint. But all these forms were of the brightest and most powerful colours, in opposition to the pale surface along which they floated. But there was

order in their motions, and I could discover they were rational beings holding intercourse by faculties we neither have nor can conceive; for at one time I saw a number collect about a pale feeble light, whose coruscations grew less frequent, and the vividness of its colours faded:—at last it seemed to die away, and to melt into the surface of the planet from very sameness of colour; and then the forms that stood about were for some time feeble and agitated, and at last dispersed. This, I thought, is the death of an inhabitant of the planet Venus. I watched two bright colours that seemed to dance about each other, floated in the most winning curves, and sparkled as they passed. Sometimes they almost met, drew back, and again approached. At the end, in a shower of light, they swam together, and were blended into one for ever. There is love, then, I thought, even in this unsubstantial clime. A little after, I saw vast troops of hues collect and flash violently; but their flashes were not the soft gentle colours I had just seen, but sharp and dazzling like forked lightning. Vast quantities faded into nothing, and there remained but a few on the spot, brighter, indeed, than they had arrived; but I thought these few brilliant shapes a poor compensation for the numbers that had perished. Even in the planet Venus, I said, there is death, and love, and war;—and those, among beings impalpable and destitute of our earthly faculties. What a lesson of humility I read! I passed my hand through many of these forms—there was no resistance,—no sense of touch; I shouted, but no sound ensued; my presence was evidently unnoticed—there existed not the earthly sense of sight. And yet, I thought, how we creatures of earth reason on God's motives, as if he were endued with faculties like our own; while we even differ from these created phantoms of a sister-world, as much perhaps as they from the tenants of Jupiter, and far more from the creatures of other systems! But there was still one thing common to us all. All these bright beings floated close to the surface, and it was evident that to keep the restless beings of creation to their respective worlds, a general law was necessary. Great Newton! neither touch, nor taste, nor sight, nor sound, are universal, but gravity is for ever. I alone am the only wretched being whom a feverish curiosity has peeled of this general garb, and rendered more truly unsubstantial than the thin sliding hues I gazed on.

After some time I fancied my own native planet was shining above me. I sprung frantically upward, but many a dreary century passed by, before I approached near enough to distinguish the objects on its surface. Miserable being! I was again out of the proper line, and I should have passed once more into boundless darkness, had I not, in passing along the earth's surface, imbibed a small portion of gravity; not indeed sufficient to draw me to it, but strong enough to curve my line of flight, and make me revolve round earth like a moon, in a regular elliptic orbit. This was, perhaps, the most wretched of the phantasies of my brain: in continual sight of my native land, without the chance of ap-

proaching it by a foot! There I was, rolling in as permanent and involuntary an orbit as any planet in the heavens; with my line of nodes, syzygy, quadratures, and planetary inequalities.

But the worst of it was, I had imbibed, with that small portion of gravity, a slight share of those terrestrial infirmities I had hitherto felt free from. I became hungry—and my hunger, though by the slowest degrees, continually increased, and at the end of some years, I felt as if reduced to the most emaciated state. My soul felt gradually issuing from my tortured body, and at last, by one of the strange inconsistencies of dreams, I seemed in contemplation of myself. I saw my lifeless body whirling round its primary, its limbs sometimes frozen into ghastly stiffness, sometimes dissolved by equinoctial heat, and swinging in the wide expanse. I know not if it sprung from the pride inherent in all created beings, but this contemplation of the ultimate state of degradation of my poor form, gave me greater distress than any part of my phrenzied wanderings. Its extreme acuteness brought me to myself. I was still standing in my garden, but it was daylight, and my friends stood looking on my upright, though fainting form, almost afraid to approach me. I was disengaged from my tubs and sacks, and carried to bed. But it did not escape the notice of the bystanders, that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls, were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was, myself, that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself, by its means, with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:—

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, "*gravium*."

When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy Lamp), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again, the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank Heaven, I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. As I feared, I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country. At Petersburg I heard that Captain Khark of Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview. "Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret." I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor. "Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art." He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprang upward, and played along the ceiling to his great amaze. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: If you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies will be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found, that in the equatorial regions I was

thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased. From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I was, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support: I was, therefore, enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but,

on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows, and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathenoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine—and to this wretched place state exiles are frequently doomed. The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neck-cloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy

country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow; neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all of mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded, may be guessed from the recent errors in the Almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan.

By her Grand daughter, ALICIA LEFANU. Svo. pp. 448. London. Whittaker. 1824.

IT is notorious that, in this world, ill-luck is a very formidable affair; that nothing adheres more steadily to men, when it has once got hold of them; and that, like the gout, or the asthma, the paternal inheritance often descends to more than the third or the fourth generation. We all know the history of the Stuarts; and to this specimen of royal ill-fortune, the family of the Sheridans might form no inapt counterpart in humbler life. There actually seems to have been some curious destiny inflicted upon them, by which the whole race, in turn, should have prosperity within their grasp, and should with their eyes open, let it slip for ever.

The first public man of this very public family, William Sheridan, was a bishop, holding the united see of Kilmore and Ardagh, in the time of Charles II. It might be presumed that he, at least, was safe; generals and statesmen may topple, but what ill wind can shake the solid tranquillity of the cathedral. Yet fate was busy even with this learned Irish prelate. The Revolution cast out popery, and gave England a constitution. His conscience, and let no man blame the scruples of an honest spirit, short sighted as it was, would not suffer him to take the oaths to the new dynasty, and he was accordingly ejected from his diocese.

The next public man of the line was the bishop's grand-nephew, Dr. Sheridan, Swift's friend, and a schoolmaster in the most palmy state of the profession. The proudest pedagogues of his native Dublin hung their heads before him; he instilled the *Typus Barytonorum* into the heads of the indigenous nobility without measure; and had to boast of having, in his course, flagellated three-fourths of the bar, the church, and the court of aldermen.

Distinctions of this order, do not drop upon a man like the rain from heaven. There must have been a reason for this supremacy over the rising cuticle of Ireland; and it may well be found, according to the national spirit, in the unwearied pleasantry and unrivalled punning of the Doctor. His "good things," recorded in Swift's Memorabilia, place him immeasurably above the celebrated Dean, in the art of contorting the English language. Swift blazons him as a scholar; and his Latin verses, trivial as such things are to speak to character, in any instance, beyond the age of twelve, yet, as they were adequate to the necessities of the compatriot understanding, were good for all that modern longs and shorts can be good for. The Doctor was now on the royal road to opulence. A grant of a free-school, which Swift obtained for him, through the Primate, was about to fix him in secure wealth. But, at this point, his star grew sullen; he refused the grant; and, from that hour, the world slid from under his feet, he went down still more rapidly than he rose, and, at length, bequeathed nothing but his ill-luck to his posterity.

Thomas Sheridan, the Doctor's son, became an actor, rapidly rose to the height of popular favour, was manager of a theatre, by which he, in one year, netted ten thousand pounds; was thus, like his predecessor, in sight of solid opulence, contrived to overthrow all his own work, was forced to abandon his profession and his country, and died a dependant on the bounty of the crown.

We all know the history of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that actor's son, and beyond question, one of the most variously and splendidly gifted men in the memory of British genius. This was he, of whom the panegyric, wasted on Goldsmith, might be truly written; *par excellence*, the orator, the wit, and the dramatist. A man, whose intellect "touched every style, and adorned all it touched." His early sketches give proof of the eminence to which he might have risen as a poet; his *School for Scandal* will never have a superior on the stage; and his parliamentary speeches, with all their drawbacks of carelessness, hurry, and party irritation, were the delight of the house, and will live as long as the language.

Pitt's struggles with Fox were those of equal with equal; two mighty minds roused up to put forth all their strength, and, like the champions of Troy and Greece, battling with the eyes of empires upon them, and for nothing less than the fates of empires. Sheridan's indolence rendered his a lighter and more desultory hostility. But, if Pitt dreaded any man, it was Sheridan. The keen pleasantry, the inexhaustible readiness of reply, the wily satire, that struck the great English leader with the pungency of an arrow, through the joints of his "panoply divine," were the severest trial of that majestic temper, made by nature to bear "the weight of mightiest monarchies." But there were times when Sheridan rose into unexpected vigour, and like a checked mountain rivulet, that had hitherto only loitered and babbled away among its

obscure banks and wild verdure, gathered into sudden volume, and burst down in thunder. His speeches on Hastings's trial, the most generally vaunted of his efforts, are by no means his best; his taste was still immature, he was palpably encumbered by some idle impression of the necessity of inflating his style to the majesty of the place, and after all his heart was not in the cause. But his true displays are to be found in the debates during the French Revolution. His reply to Lord Wellesley's attack on the Brissotins, a reply to a very able antagonist, entrenched too in the right, is a model of dextrous reasoning elevated by bursts of eloquence the richest and most impassioned. When Fox died, Sheridan might have realized the noblest wish of honourable ambition, the first place in the councils of a free country. In public talent he had no competitor among his party, and his party were then masters of the government. This splendid prospect could not have been darkened but by himself. It would be idle, or ungenerous to the memory of a man of genius, to say by what steps the confidence of the nation had been gradually alienated. But it is an honour to the English heart, and should be an eternal lesson to her public men, that no individual will be master of firm, national confidence, who does not bring forward some stronger and clearer claim than mere intellectual supremacy.

The lady, of whose memoirs we are now to speak, the wife of Thomas Sheridan, the actor, was daughter of an Irish prebendary, and grand-daughter of Sir Oliver Chamberlayne, an English baronet.

The Doctor was a man of ability, but an original, and one of his whims was his reluctance to have his daughter taught to read or write. The latter qualification he looked on as merely a stimulant to the hazardous amusement of love correspondence. But nature is not to be controlled by the most whimsical of fathers and prebendaries. Miss Chamberlayne, in the prohibition of external aid, had recourse to domestic. Her elder brother taught her writing, and the rudiments of Latin; and her younger taught her botany, a science by which she converted herself into the young Lady Bountiful of the parish, and before fifteen this active spirit had enabled an idiot to say his prayers and read, had written a novel on paper meritoriously pilfered from the housekeeper's account books, and had more than emulated the Doctor himself in the composition of two sermons, which were treasured for many an after year among the *munimenta* of the family.

Doctor Chamberlayne was now in the decline of life, and the reins of authority were of course held with a more relaxed tension. The young people now occasionally stole out to see a play, another of the amusements prohibited by the prebendary. Here Miss Chamberlayne saw the man of her fate. Thomas Sheridan was just twenty-five years of age, handsome, a scholar, a most popular actor, and to crown all, an Irishman. The Irish theatre was at that time an epitome of the nation, and a vast deal of oddity and

amusement was sometimes alloyed by the exhibition of buckism and brutality. A Mr. Kelly, a "gentleman from the county of Galway," a portion of the island still not unproductive of very peculiar specimens of the aboriginal stock, took it into his head to come drunk to the theatre, fall in love with Mrs. Bellamy, the celebrated actress, at sight, and rush after her behind the scenes. This outrage exceeded the usual license, and the lover was repelled for the time. The repulse burned in the bosom of the Galway man, and after the play, he invaded the manager's dressing room, insulted him personally, and was kicked out. Kelly flew to a club of his provincialists, and in the fury of the moment, called all to arms. "Vengeance in procinct" was prepared for Sheridan's next appearance, but on the expected night, the manager, warned by private means, did not appear. The rioters however were not to be totally baffled, and as they could not have the pleasure of immolating the man, they indulged themselves with the havoc of his property. The scenery, the wardrobe, the green-room, and all the more important parts of theatrical equipment were destroyed. But this violence was too gross to escape a re-action. The students of the college, of which Sheridan had been a member, and a large party of the citizens, formed a kind of declared association to protect the manager.

Ireland is proverbially the land of party, and in general, as becomes men of the true, belligerent breed, its quarrels are for nothing. But here was some fair ground for irritation, and "a very pretty quarrel," as Sir Lucius says, they made of it. As all the gentry of Ireland in that rational age wore swords, (all the shopkeepers had done so not long before!) war wanted nothing but the inclination, which was seldom wanting in the blood of Milesius; the students, in default of rapiers, slung the heavy keys of their chambers in their gown sleeves, and this weapon was, from its disguise and the rapidly acquired dexterity of its brandishers, altogether as man-prostrating as the Galway rapier; the citizens, who had neither keys nor swords, soberly accommodated themselves with firelocks, and, at the remotest sight of the Galway physiognomy, regularly loaded with ball cartridge. To give the last human heightening to public virulence, the press, that completer of all frays, plunged into the middle of the tumult, and showered placards, odes, memoirs and libels, on both parties, with its usual bitterness, fluency, sincerity, and profligacy.

It is curious, as a picture of the manners of our renowned, wise, and happy ancestors, to see by what puerilities, nations can be stirred. It may be also no unprofitable lesson to those who rely on the art of managing the multitude, to see with what frightful facility it can be stripped of its moral understanding. Public and personal violences had now risen into such familiarity, that an almost public combination had sentenced Sheridan to death. A horse was even kept in continual readiness to carry off his murderer!

Authority, which had been so dangerously inactive, at length

interfered. The theatre was closed for a time by order of the Master of the Revels, and the matter was left to be settled in the courts of law. Sheridan was the first tried, on an assault, but on proving his provocation, was acquitted by the jury without leaving the box. Kelly was then tried, and sentenced to three months imprisonment, and five hundred pounds fine. The former, however, was remitted after a week, and the latter altogether, and both through the interference of Sheridan.

In the mid volley of this civil war, Miss Chamberlayne had written a poem and a pamphlet, both of course in favour of the manager. They were remembered; her hero solicited an introduction to the fair controversialist, and in the year 1747 Miss Chamberlayne became Mrs. Sheridan.

For seven years from the period of her marriage this interesting woman seems to have led a life of great tranquillity and happiness. And perhaps those have not much to complain of who can count seven happy years. During that time she had four children, of whom Richard Brinsley, born Sept. 1751, and christened also Butler, after the Earl of Lanesborough, was the third. She resided chiefly at Quilea, the cottage made memorable by Swift's burlesque; but which was, as might be expected from the taste of its proprietors, a convenient and elegant retreat.

Yet the course of management, like that of true love, "never doth run smooth," and in 1751 a popular play, and a provoked actor were the ruin of Sheridan's fortunes.

On a revival of the dull tragedy of Mahomet, the audience had encored the following lines:

"If, ye powers divine
Ye mark the movements of this pether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush those vipers,
Who, singled out by the community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe."

Of such prosaic combustion was born the wrath that involved all ranks of society in mutual violence in the "Emerald Isle." Sheridan heedlessly gave out the play for a second performance, and as if to verify the maxim that no man can be undone but by himself, had the additional heedlessness to give a lecture in the green-room previously to the rise of the curtain, virtually prohibitory of repeating those lines, if they should be called for. To make the imprudence complete, the transaction of this delicate affair was to be in the hands of Digges, an actor irritated by a previous quarrel with the manager. The lines were encored. The actor refused to repeat them, alleging his authority. Sheridan was then called for, but as if his ill luck were destined to rise *au comble* on that night, he had sullenly quitted the house. The mal-content declared that this was a mortal disrespect, but, to show their moderation, agreed to wait one hour till he should have finally made up his mind. Sheridan madly refused to come. On the expiration

of the hour, three huzzas were given, and the rioters tore in pieces the whole interior of the theatre. To take vengeance on a mob, or to recover compensation, were equally impossible. Sheridan was undone. He immediately let the house for two years, and embarked for England, followed by the regrets of the most accomplished society of the capital, and having the additional gratification of being offered a pension of three hundred pounds a year, by the viceroy, the Duke of Dorset, which however he declined. Digges enjoyed his revenge to the full, and it was a melancholy instance of the hold which bitter feelings can lay upon the heart to have seen that actor, thirty years after, in 1784, advertising for his benefit, *Mahomet, as the play that had been the ruin of Mr. Sheridan in 1754.* He is said to have recited the obnoxious lines, even in this his last decrepitude, with a feeling of undiminished and ferocious hatred.

Popular anger is more rapidly extinguished; within two years Sheridan was invited to resume the management, and his return was greeted with extraordinary favour. But the tide of fortune had already been at its height, and it seldom flows twice for any man. Within a year the celebrated Barry had established a rival theatre, and his Jaffier, Mark Antony, and Varanes, took all eyes and ears captive.

The tales of Barry's powers of fascination give more the impression of witchcraft than of any intelligible charm of mere man. The difficulty thickens when we are to recollect the dress of the eighteenth century, the peruke, the powder, the square skirts, and the rolled stockings, in which Greek, Roman, and Briton flourished on the stage, and which, whether on or off the boards, were so adverse to natural beauty. But universal recollection is not to be resisted. Barry's figure, countenance, and voice, won all hearts, and charmed all eyes. To have kindled the inflammable souls of the female peerage might be the triumph of less eminent graces, but to have satisfied his creditors by smiles, argues a spell, which seems to have departed for ever from the realm of the outward man. The change of prospects hung heavy on Mrs. Sheridan, but, on her arrival in London in 1758, cheered by the intelligent society which her husband's character gathered round her, among whom were Young, Johnson, Wedderburn, (afterwards Lord Loughborough) Lord Shelburne, &c. and encouraged by the advice of Richardson the novelist, she commenced "*Sidney Bidulph.*" Novels were then rarer things than now, and the public admiration of Mrs. Sheridan's work was unbounded. It was at once translated into French, furnished a popular opera for the French stage, and was panegyricized by that reluctant dispenser of praise, Johnson. It is rather a curious circumstance that one of the characters, Falkland, the impetuous and sensitive lover, should have been taken by name, for her son's first play.

Among her acquaintances at this period, was the great republican and blue stocking of her day, Catherine Macauley.

"Mrs. Macauley introduced herself by complimenting Mrs. Sheridan upon her novel; Mrs. Sheridan, as in duty bound, replied by complimenting Mrs. Macauley upon her history; and the manner of both gave Miss Sheridan the idea that neither of them had read the works of the other. Mrs. Macauley did not appear to her to have any of those charms so profusely ascribed to her by a female biographer;* neither was there any thing of that levity or extravagance of dress imputed to her by one of the other sex.† Mrs. Macauley struck Miss Sheridan as a plain woman, —pale, tall, cold, and formal; with nothing reprehensible in her manners, nor any thing peculiarly fascinating in her address.

"At a subsequent period, Mrs. Macauley is said to have given occasion for remark, by the luxury and extravagance of her establishment, by the affected form of her cards of invitation, 'Catherine Macauley At Home to the Literati;' and by a degree of gaiety, and coquetry of the toilette, that was deemed inconsistent with republican simplicity. But let us be just to the memory of a very uncommon female, who rose above the disadvantages and deficiencies of education, at a time that literature was not cultivated among women as it is at present. Small could not be the industry and perseverance of a woman, who, under these circumstances, was able to raise herself to rank with the historians of her country; nor was the merit inconsiderable of that person, who was admired by Cowper, and quoted with approbation by Fox." P. 233.

Years were now coming on Sheridan, and he aided his resources as an actor, by the occasional profits of giving lectures on the English language. But a pension of three hundred pounds a year, most graciously given by the king, relieved him from this drudgery, and he went with his family to reside in France. Accident fixed him at Blois.

"Though Mr. Sheridan, upon retiring into France, had adopted a plan of rigid economy, as the only one suited to the disordered state of his affairs, and his high and honourable determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, till he had enabled himself to satisfy the most impatient of his creditors, yet still he admitted to his plain but hospitable table such Englishmen as curiosity or inclination conducted to Blois. Among the young travelling English of consideration, who with their tutors made any stay in that place, none omitted to pay their respects to Mr. Sheridan; and he had the consolation, in his adversity, to observe himself universally the object of that regard and attention which his talents and unimpeached conduct deserved.

"The superior cheapness of living enabled him to indulge in this hospitality without transgressing the limits of economy. Flowers, fruits and creams, added an air of luxury to the feast; and the guests, who met rather for the pleasure of friendly intercourse and conversation than the extravagant delicacies of the table, departed always satisfied with their entertainment and their host. At these friendly meetings the story of their unfortunate country woman, Mademoiselle Hemin, 'the poor little English girl,' was incidentally introduced by Mr. Sheridan; and though he had in general a just objection to levying contributions upon others, he did not scruple on this occasion to call upon these rich and generous young Englishmen; and a small subscription was set on foot, by which he had soon the pleasure of presenting to Mademoiselle Hemin the sum of thirty pounds: a little fortune to this simple and self-denied being. In order that his children might not, by living in a Roman Catholic country, forget or lose the religious impressions in which they were brought up, it was the custom of Mr. Sheridan, as soon as he had established order in his little household, to read the service of the Church of England every Sunday in his own family: a service rendered additionally solemn and impressive by his excellent manner of delivery. This appeared to the English who visited Blois such an advantage, that they requested permission to join in the family worship; and thus Mr. Sheridan drew around him a small Protestant congregation, who met with the utmost seriousness and regularity." P. 275.

* "Mary Hayes's Biographical Dictionary of Celebrated Women."

† "Boswell's Johnson."

In this respectable and sensible manner, Sheridan and his family passed two years, which they seem to have looked on as the happiest period of their lives, and which abounded in perhaps all that constitutes real happiness. They had literary occupation, health returning and reinstated, a moderate competence, a fine climate, and kind friends. One of these intimacies was made in a mode characteristic of the soil.

"The celebrated Colonel Montigny, after having expended, in the American war of 1756, a handsome property in the cause of French loyalty, had retired upon the cession of Canada, with impaired health and a reduced fortune, to end his days in France. His family consisted of a wife, three sons, and one daughter; and the king, in consideration of his losses and services, had honoured him with the Cross of St. Louis, and allowed him a pension, equivalent in England to about two hundred pounds a-year: a liberality which was much admired, being said to be the largest pension that had been ever accorded in France to mere merit.

"As the house occupied by Mr. Sheridan was at but a small distance from Colonel Montigny's, his children often passed by the door of the Colonel; who was not long in forming a particular intimacy with the youngest. He used frequently to stop, and make her little presents of sweetmeats, &c., at the same time that he often asked her questions respecting her parents and family. One day he missed her, and her absence continuing for several mornings successively, he became uneasy for the health and welfare of his little friend.

"The fact was as the good Colonel suspected: Mr. Sheridan's youngest child, Miss Elizabeth Sheridan, had been seized with an aguish complaint, very common at Blois, which confined her to her bed. The morning after Colonel Montigny received this intelligence, Mr. Sheridan, on going up to pay his usual visit to his sick child, found the seat by her bed-side occupied by a tall, sun-burnt, military looking figure, habited in a short jacket (a common morning dress with French gentlemen), which did not add much to the advantages of his appearance. This was Colonel Montigny, the defender of Canada, whom compassion had led to visit the fevered couch of a suffering child. He had found the doors open, as in those countries is frequently the case from the warmth of the climate, and as his little neighbour could no longer visit him, had, with the French freedom and friendliness of manner, come to pay her a visit in person. The Colonel rose courteously at Mr. Sheridan's approach, and informed him of the friendship contracted in the open air with his youngest daughter, which had led to the present friendly visit. Such a combination of circumstances could not have taken place in any country, where different manners prevailed. This whimsical introduction was, however, productive of the happiest consequences, and proved the commencement of an intimacy equally agreeable to both parties.

"Madame Montigny had never recovered her spirits from the loss of fortune her husband sustained in America; she, however, found consolation in the soothing society of Mrs. Sheridan. Mademoiselle Montigny, her daughter, (afterwards distinguished at Blois as a celebrated belle) was all life and spirits. She was not at that time beautiful, but had rather what may be denominated a pretty and whimsical countenance; with such a wonderful activity, that Mr. Sheridan gave her, in allusion to her Indian birth, and the oddity and suddenness of her motions, the surname of 'Friday.' This was translated to Mademoiselle Montigny, who did not understand a word of English: but still as she had never read Robinson Crusoe, she was as much in the dark as ever, and would often exclaim '*Friday, c'est Vendredi: mais pourquoi me donner le nom de Vendredi—pourquoi pas Samedi?*' With this friendly group Mrs. Sheridan passed many happy hours. Sometimes they would go and partake of a little regale at a fine garden Mr. Sheridan possessed at a small distance from the cottage. On one of these occasions Mrs. Sheridan, who, as I mentioned before, possessed a fine voice, and an ear for music, and who had improved by the instructions of her friend the Jesuit on the Spanish guitar, sang to the company, accompanying the guitar with her voice. Some persons in the neighbouring garden, attracted by her performance, which was in an arbour, ranged themselves on the wall to listen to her, and made a sign to her youngest daughter not to betray them.

"All that Mr. Sheridan anticipated from the effects of a milder climate on his

wife appeared to be happily realized: and such was the benefit Mrs. Sheridan seemed to derive from the uncommon purity of the air, that during the first year of her residence at Blois she enjoyed better health than she had done for ten years before." P. 284.

But all this pleasantness was rapidly to close. In 1766 Sheridan was compelled to set out for Ireland to arrange his affairs. His wife had scarcely seen him depart, when she sank into a state of debility, in which she died, August, 1766; the old French colonel, generously repelling the Roman Catholic priest, who would have obtruded himself on her last moments; and in addition to this act of kindness, rare, and even hazardous, at the time, obtaining permission for her sepulture in the burial place of a French Protestant family, to which the body was conveyed by torch light, escorted by dragoons of the regiment of a friend.

Some anecdotes of public characters are scattered through the volume. One of Boswell is curious, and gives a striking picture of the *pushing* spirit of the man.

"When Boswell was about to publish his '*Tour to the Hebrides*,' having a communication of a political nature to make previously to its seeing the light, he adopted the unceremonious method of *calling* upon the highest personage in the kingdom for the above mentioned purpose. The illustrious personage sent him word he should see him at the levee. Accordingly, Boswell dressed and took his station in the circle. When it came to his turn to be spoken to, he announced to His Majesty the work he intended to publish, and said his motive in doing so was in order to know in what manner he was to *name* a person he should have occasion to mention in the course of his narrative.

"That to call him the *Pretender* was what he could not think of doing, as it was against his principles; that to name him the Chevalier St. George was awkward, it being a title that did not in reality belong to him; in this dilemma he wished to have His Majesty's commands upon the subject. 'Nay,' said the king, 'call him what you please.' 'I may say then,' resumed the author, 'that I have your Majesty's sanction for styling him, "The unfortunate grandson of James the Second."'" The king made no reply to the disrespectful and indiscreet pertinacity of Boswell, but immediately passed on to the next person in the circle." P. 332.

An instance of Johnson's peculiar style of expression, (spoiled by Boswell in the telling) is thus rectified.

"The day before Johnson died, a friend of his sent a man to assist the person who was already in attendance in sitting up with him. The next day this friend called, and said he hoped that the person he sent had been *vigilant* and *active* in the discharge of his duty. Johnson, with a striking gleam of his wonted forcible manner, replied,—'Why, Sir, the fellow had the vigilance of a *dormouse*; and the activity of a *turnspit*, the first time he is put into the wheel!'" P. 335.

A portion of the work, and we regret that it should not have been a more extended one, is occupied with passing traits of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He had been placed under the care of Dr. Sumner, head master of Harrow, and his father's particular friend. He was of the same standing with Sir William Jones, and Halked, the Orientalist. Dr. Parr was one of the masters, and the subsequent testimony of that eccentric politician and able scholar, is thus given.

"This I well remember: though neither masters nor boys looked upon Sheridan



as a good scholar, they one and all liked him; and the minds of all were impressed with an indistinct notion that his natural powers were uncommonly great." P. 253.

Here he indulged in a boyish frolic characteristic of the man.

"The care of his pecuniary concerns, in the absence of his parents, devolved on his maternal uncle, Mr. Richard Chamberlayne; and though he, of course, allowed his nephew every reasonable indulgence, a little incident which happened at that time placed Richard Brinsley's love of frolic, opposed to his uncle's prudent economy, in a ludicrous point of view. On occasion of the grand annual contest for the silver arrow, Richard Brinsley was not a competitor for the prize of archery; but distinguished himself by the delivery of a Greek oration. This, as he was intended for one of the learned professions, was a very judicious arrangement, as it exhibited his proficiency in scholarship; and, in the embarrassed state of his father's circumstances, was far preferable to a frivolous competition, which involved a considerable degree of expense. So perhaps reasoned Mr. Richard Chamberlayne; but if he did so, his nephew was determined to disappoint the old gentleman in any economical views he might have had in favouring this arrangement. The Greek oration was to be delivered in the character of a military commander; and as the notions of costume were not so strict in those days as they are at present, Richard Brinsley, of his own authority, ordered the uniform of an English general officer to be made up for the occasion. Accordingly, on the important day he appeared, not, indeed, in the elegant dress of an archer of Harrow; but in the equally expensive one of a military chief. Mr. Chamberlayne, to whom of course his tailor's bill was delivered, severely remonstrated with him on this unexpected piece of extravagance. Sheridan respectfully replied, that, as the speech was to be delivered in a martial character, he did not think the effect would have been complete without an appropriate dress; and that indeed so deeply was he himself impressed with that feeling, that he was sure if he had not been properly habited, he could not have delivered a word of the oration.

"What necessary connexion there was between Greek and scarlet and gold regimentals, poor Mr. Chamberlayne could not exactly see; he was obliged, however, to overlook his nephew's vanity and love of show, not without a shrewd suspicion that the pleasure of *hoaxing* him had a share in Brinsley's suddenly declared martial taste." P. 254.

In answer to the idle story, that Sheridan, though he would not suffer his wife to sing in public, gave private subscription concerts, it is thus stated.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan gave some private concerts at their house in Orchard-street, Portman-square, as a return for the civilities and hospitality they received from many persons of fashion and consequence. A music-room was accidentally annexed to their house, and it was the least expensive entertainment they could give; the performers consisting entirely of Mrs. Sheridan's family. Never, surely could the lovers of music have received a more exquisite gratification than that which was afforded on these occasions by the combined talents of Mrs. Sheridan, her father, her sisters, Mary and Maria, and her brother, Thomas Linley. But these concerts were, as I have already said, given as the discharge of a debt of civility already incurred. No money was ever received, nor were any such concerts given at Bath." P. 402.

The success of the *School for Scandal* of course excited a vast deal of envy; and the usual expedient of throwing doubts on its authorship was adopted under all imaginable forms. The play was said to be the work of the author's mother; of a combination of writers; and with more circumstantiality, of a young lady, the daughter of a merchant in Thames Street, who had given the MS. into Sheridan's hands at the beginning of his management, and soon after, being at the time in a consumption, went to Bristol Hot Wells, and died! This absurd story, for detail seems to have

been formed on the history of the bullet in Sir Peter Teazle's duel, that "struck against a little bronze Shakspeare, that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire."

To the title of the "young lady of Thames Street," Sheridan never condescended to give any answer. But a sufficient reason for his subject is given in this memoir.

"Early introduced into the world, and placed in difficult and critical situations, Mr. R. B. Sheridan often saw his own name the sport of calumny, which although it sometimes excited a smile, yet often gave rise to more painful feelings. At Bath, then famous for the manufacture and circulation of ungrounded stories, his duels and other romantic adventures were magnified and misrepresented in a thousand different ways. When he was recovering of his wounds, it was one of his amusements to read the daily accounts of himself in the papers, and say, 'Let me see what they report of me to-day; I wish to know whether I am dead or alive,' &c. (The ridiculous and contradictory reports then afloat, certainly gave rise to the highly humorous duel scenes in 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal.') Other falsehoods sank deeper into his heart; and having a mind turned to reflection, although his spirits were often led away by gaiety, the young poet conceived the noble plan of attacking the 'Hydra, scandal, in his den,' and exposing, in a spirited picture, the wide extended mischief that may ensue from the encouragement of a censorious spirit." P. 406.

"The whole story of the supposed manner in which the play of *The School for Scandal* came into Mr. Sheridan's hands is perfectly groundless, the writer of these lines having frequently heard him speak on the subject long before the play appeared; many of the characters and incidents related to persons known to them both, and were laughingly talked over with his family."

"It is particularly remembered that, in the first sketch, the character which now bears the name of Mrs. Candour, went by that of Lady Kitty Candour: a title which, I presume, Mr. Sheridan abandoned on account of its too great resemblance to one in a dramatic piece of Foote's—Lady Kitty Crocodile; which was supposed to be meant for the Duchess of Kingston. Before he put pen to paper, the fable, as perfectly conceived and matured in his mind, was communicated to his friends; and the expression he made use of, described at once the completeness and unity of his plan.—'The comedy is finished; I have now nothing to do but to write it.' This mode of composition is probably the only one in which the author can hope to give his works the impression of energy and correctness." P. 409.

We leave our readers who feel interested in the circumstances of this remarkable family, to gratify themselves further by the perusal of the volume itself, a work deserving the praise of intelligent arrangement, and not unfrequently of graceful and feeling narrative.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIR OF MR. HAYDON.

MR. HAYDON was born at Plymouth, January 25, 1786. His father was a respectable bookseller in that town, and of an ancient but decayed family. The Haydons of Cadhay, near Ottery St. Mary, lived for several hundred years on their landed property in great honour and respectability, until the last possessor of the estate, being addicted to horse-racing, was ruined, and his children

put out to different trades to earn a subsistence; one of these children was great grandfather to Mr. Haydon.

Mr. Haydon's propensity to painting was always so irresistible, that, after several obstructions had been thrown in his way, his father permitted him to come to London, which he entered May, 1804, glowing with anticipations of future fame, and resolving to distinguish himself in the department of history, a department which foreigners had decided to be too high an effort of mind for an Englishman.

He devoted two years to dissection and drawing, and painted his first picture, 1806, which was exhibited 1807, at the Royal Academy, and bought, 1808, at the British Gallery by Thomas Hope.

In 1808 he painted *Dentatus* for Lord Mulgrave, and sent it in express opposition to the wishes of his Lordship to the Royal Academy in 1809; as he had always determined to support the Royal Academy, he begged Lord Mulgrave to let him have his will, which was granted; and the manner in which he was served by the Royal Academy was just what Mr. Haydon deserved, for opposing the wishes of his employer, who desired to have let it first appear at the British Gallery.

It was hung, by Fuseli's interference, in the great room, and after a day or two taken down, and put out in the dark anti-room. Its effect was then totally destroyed for the season, nor did it at all interest the public till the following year, when it was sent to the British Gallery, hung at the head of the room, and gained the great prize!

In 1810 he put his name down for an associate, but was refused admittance.

In 1812 he exhibited *Macbeth* at the British Gallery, which was begun for Sir George Beaumont, on a large whole length, a size specified by himself; after six months the size was objected to; to gratify his employer he began it on a smaller scale, but finding it impossible to do justice to such a subject on a scale less than life, he requested to finish it in the original size, offering, if not satisfactory when done, to paint any other subject on a smaller scale; the offer was accepted; the *Macbeth* finished and exhibited; Sir George declined it, but offered Mr. Haydon one hundred guineas for the trouble he had had, or to paint him a smaller picture, the price to be settled by arbitration.

Mr. Haydon declined, in return, both propositions.

The sale of *Macbeth* was thus entirely destroyed, for no one of taste could buy what Sir George Beaumont thought fit to refuse.

At this critical moment, when all the artists were feeling sympathy for Mr. Haydon, out came his attack on the Royal Academy, and his refutation of Mr. Payne Knight's theories against great works; thus, at one blow, making enemies of two important classes in the art, viz., the connoisseurs and academicians.

The sympathy of the artists was instantly turned to bitter invective.

tive, for the irrefutability of his arguments only increased the irritability of his enemies. From that moment all was animosity, resentment, and passion. His picture was caricatured, and enclosed to him by the post; his name was never mentioned but with a sneer or a sarcasm. The British Gallery refused him the prize for *Macbeth*, and thus, at twenty-six years of age, he was deprived of eight hundred guineas; viz., five hundred guineas his price, and three hundred guineas the prize offered for the best work.

This blow at so early a period was the root of all his future embarrassments, for, when this happened, he was in the middle of "*Solomon*," and was now left to conclude it without one sixpence: since he had been under the pain of borrowing money to finish *Macbeth*, his father having declined to aid him any longer.

Unwilling at the first serious check to relinquish the fruit of eight years secluded study, or to render nugatory the advances of his father, he resolved not to yield, but to persevere, through wants, obstructions, and anxieties. He brought his "*Solomon*" to a conclusion; it was exhibited at *Spring Garden*; it sold, and succeeded, and he was thus once more elevated from the very depths of want, and censure, and obscurity, (for he had been quite deserted,) to the full blaze of victory and triumph!

Such continual anxieties, of every description, impaired his health, and his unexpected success was a pleasure nearly too painful to be endured. The British Gallery voted him one hundred guineas; two directors were deputed to buy it, and came just as it was sold. Mr. Haydon, accidentally calling in, found the room crowded. Sir George Beaumont advanced to him, saying, "*Haydon, I am astonished*," and held out his hand; it was taken with pleasure, and all was now congratulation. Even the academicians began to attribute his attack on them to an ardour for the interests of the art, which it really was, and proffered reconciliation with a sincerity that he ought to have met half way.

Mr. Haydon, in company with Wilkie, went to Paris, saw the Louvre in its glory, returned, and proceeded with "*Jerusalem*." Having now left off writing, he was going on quietly and contentedly, for he had never written a line for three years on the art, when suddenly appeared the famous or infamous "*Catalogue Raisonné*." In this catalogue Mr. Haydon was sneered at. His passions were roused in an instant; he offered his aid to the Editor of the "*Annals of Art*," he exerted his influence in every quarter, and the "*Catalogue Raisonné*" was fairly and completely exposed.

But why did he leave the rapturous pleasures of painting, again to take up his pen? It was wrong, he should have treated the remarks with silent contempt.

He was now embroiled more than ever; every thing in that publication was placed to his account, though he never in his life wrote, or suggested a single criticism on the works of any modern or living painter whatever. Ambitious of forming a school of history, he instructed some young men in the principles of design:

their drawings from the Cartoons and the Elgin marbles, will long be remembered, and the prejudice that Englishmen could not draw, was destroyed, but the animosity this excited in the art was truly singular: Mr. Haydon was assailed for six months with anonymous letters of every description, sometimes his name would be printed, and all sorts of abominations sketched around it, sometimes they would begin "*You presumptuous fool!—do you expect to found a school of history?*" At last, they were regularly burnt.

He and his pupils were caricatured, and at the British Gallery, where they drew the Cartoons, it was with the greatest difficulty they preserved their temper, from the repeated insults they received in every way. The ill will thus roused in the art, was unfortunate, and the severity of his remarks on the Royal Academy kept it bitterly alive; but the Royal Academy had done nothing to induce the government to purchase the Elgin Marbles, and there was just ground for complaint. Mr. Haydon again became the antagonist of Knight on this subject, in consequence of being excluded from the committee by his influence; and here he offended more than ever, the class who were crowding about him, and had forgotten his former refutation. But could he do otherwise? He had studied the Elgin Marbles the first of any other artist; he had gained whatever knowledge he had got from them; he saw a man of great influence denying their beauty; he was excluded from giving his opinion before the Committee of the House of Commons by this gentleman's influence; he feared with every other artist the consequences; and actuated by the purest public feeling, he sacrificed for ever his private interests, and refuted Mr. Knight's assertions without hope of defence.

The effect of this letter was great, but it hurt the pride of Mr. Knight's friends, and it never has been and never will be forgiven. A proposition at that moment was on the point of being laid before the Directors by one of high rank, to send Mr. Haydon to Italy at their expense; it was instantly dropped; and to show that it is still remembered, just before his ruin, in conversation with a patron, Mr. Haydon said, "that letter, Sir, will never be pardoned." "It never ought," was his reply. "Young men indeed giving themselves *airs!*" And was it no *air*, to kick the beautiful friezes of the Elgin Marbles, which Mr. Knight *did*, and say with an *air* of insufferable importance—"They will do very well to sell for *old marble*." Was it no *air* at Lord Stafford's table to tell Lord Elgin before twenty noblemen, that Lord Elgin had lost his trouble, for all the marble he had bought was executed in Adrian's time! Thus stamping his censure before men who revered his opinion; and who from that moment doubted the excellence of these works! It required all the enthusiasm of the artists and the public to stem the influence of Mr. Knight, but they did do so;—and Mr. Haydon contributed effectually to help this; and this was unpardonable. The fact was, Mr. Knight was envious of Lord

Elgin's having got so important a collection together, to which his name would be for ever attached. Mr. Knight had the same views, but Lord Elgin's collection in importance took the lead. He could not bear this, and depreciated their value in consequence.

About this time Sir George gave him a fresh commission for two hundred guineas. Mr. Haydon offered him *Macbeth* for that sum. It was accepted, and *Macbeth* at last placed in his gallery. At some time after this period Mr. Haydon became affected with weak eyes, and Sir George left a fifty pound note on his table. Had he originally purchased *Macbeth*, he would have rendered Haydon not only independent of this charitable offering, but independent of the world, by preventing all the bitter consequences that resulted from his refusal to place it in his gallery. Men of fortune seldom reflect that the destiny of fortuneless genius is frequently placed at their disposal; but we fear that this want of reflection arises more from indifference than forgetfulness.

At last "*Jerusalem*" was finished, brought out, and after one of the most splendid private days that ever graced the picture of an individual, laid before the public, who rushed in crowds. The triumph was great, but not complete; for no triumph can be so if the picture be not bought. A subscription was attempted, but ruined by limitation; and the great receipts did little more than help Mr. Haydon on. He now appealed to the public in a letter, which had no other effect than to bring all his creditors on him; and, as a last resource, by the assistance of friends, he dashed to Edinburgh, which completely succeeded. His reception by artists, poets, and the public, was enthusiastic; and he will remember as long as he lives the hearty welcome and respect he received from the Scotch. He returned, and brought out the "*Agony in the Garden*," which he exhibited with all his former works. Two hundred pounds was lost by this speculation, for the novelty was over.

Misfortune now seemed regularly approaching; a large sum was raised on the "*Jerusalem*," the picture and its receipts in Dublin made over in the security, great expectations being formed from Dublin, but they failed, as every thing seemed to do at this moment, with which Mr. Haydon connected himself. Eighty pounds were lost, which he had to pay. A fresh attempt in Scotland failed too, and every post brought tidings of an approaching catastrophe. In spite of continual pressure of the heaviest nature, "*Lazarus*" was brought out; the receipts were great, but not equal to "*Jerusalem*;" and the party getting irritable who had advanced nine hundred pounds on the "*Jerusalem*," that no returns had been made, insisted on payment; promises were continually made by Mr. Haydon, still lightly trusting to the delusive smiles of hope, but all his promises were unavoidably broken, as his hopes vanished. Some people got it into their heads that he had money, and law expenses hastened his ruin. In the midst of all this harassing he contrived to advance another large work "*The Crucifixion*,"

and got it fit to finish, and the Saturday before the execution that decided his fate, he passed the greater part of the night contemplating his composition, surrounded by his casts, and his drawings, and glowing with the delights of rapturous study! At this critical juncture, the person who had obtained these nine hundred pounds, lost five thousand pounds in Spanish bonds, and left himself five hundred pounds in debt to the party who had advanced, at his instigation, the first sum to Mr. Haydon. As he had passed his word for a part of it, his own misfortunes rendered him apprehensive, and to save himself, he advised an execution on the "Lazarus." Such a step in a public exhibition was irretrievable; accidentally calling in to see his picture, Mr. Haydon found an officer in possession, and returned home, distinctly foreseeing no energy could avert the consequences of this blow. As he dined with his wife and child, he gazed on "The Crucifixion" he had just prepared, and which would have been his best work, in a state of expiring enthusiasm, he hopes his bitterest enemy may never know.* Execution following execution, property in his house to the amount of three thousand pounds in value, was sold for six hundred pounds. His "Lazarus," (the frame of which cost one hundred and eighty guineas) sold for three hundred and fifty, and the "Jerusalem" (the frame of which cost one hundred guineas) was knocked down for two hundred and twenty. A collection of prints which had been twenty years in forming, and were a very fine collection, were dispersed like injured paper; the finest casts in Europe from nature, all arranged to illustrate the Elgin Marbles, and which Canova said were the finest he ever saw, were sold for a few shillings: a Roman cast of the Apollo, which cost twenty-five pounds, was bought for five pounds; and twenty Marc Antony's in one lot, for eighteen shillings!

At this time, Mr. Haydon had resigned himself and was transferred to that hereditary palace of English Historical Painters—the Bench!

His refutation of Mr. Knight, and his opposition to the Royal Academy, contributed to his ruin. But he acted on no narrow or mean selfish principle. He considered the Royal Academy founded for historical purposes *principally*: he considered from local accidents, a body of eminent portrait painters wielded its influence to the injury of history, and that this body was inimical to young men, who devoted themselves to improve the public taste. Under this impression, he thought all compromise for the sake of his own interests dishonourable, after he had once attacked them: but the question is, whether in considering a little more his own interests, he would not have benefited his department: if the Royal Academy had backed him, as it would, had he become a member for its own credit, his success would have been more likely.

After having proved the inefficacy of power to crush him, by

* This picture was bought for five pounds, and is now rolled up in a hay-loft.

the success of *Solomon*, why was he not content? Because it is the nature of such a mind never to be contented:—one effort must be followed by another which is greater—one victory by another which is more complete—one danger must be exceeded, by plunging into another which, if successfully passed, will render the eclat of having passed the first, a non-entity. Such a nature has the seeds of ruin, “even at its quickening.”

So influenced he declined a connexion with men whom he considered vanquished; and so they were in art, but not in influence, and this influence they soon put in force with full effect. Had Mr. Haydon possessed the same sound view of his situation in *prosperity*, which he had in *adversity*, his conclusion would have been different. But his brain became dazzled, he conceived he could conquer impossibilities; instead of meeting the advances of the Academicians, which were now made him in sincerity, he disdained the proffered respect, which had been withheld in misfortune, and turning his back on all reconciliation, began another great work.

Mr. Haydon placed too great a dependence on his own talents, of which he had the highest opinion; but he should have remembered the acknowledgment of talent is optional, and if men are wounded in their self-love, they will naturally deny the talent which wounds it, however contrary to their conviction.

Painters and poets cannot force obedience, like conquerors with bayonets and cannon. Mr. Haydon vainly imagined the moment a truth was uttered all classes would hail it.—No man could blame another for painting as well as he can, because the merit of a picture is a matter of discussion; but a truth in writing is a fact, on which there can be no dispute; and the party whom it concerns are always too irritable to forgive the writer.

A painter had always better let his plans be realized by the silent unobtrusive talent of his works. To be able to write is a dangerous power for an artist.

As far as the public voice went he triumphed—but public approbation was not public support; and after the first burst of wonder was over, the public left him and his works to the protection of that class who were too angry to afford it.

There can be no doubt that historical painting has never been effectively patronized in England; and there is but one way for doing so, viz. the vote of the government. The government must, if they wish the arts to rise in England, do as other governments have done, where art has flourished. Pictures must be voted yearly for the public offices and halls, of subjects suitable to the character of each place; and when once such a system is established, and it will be, sooner or later, the genius of the country will tend in that direction, and develope itself with vigour; but till that time arrives, men cannot be expected to qualify themselves for undertakings which have hitherto infallibly ruined all who have executed them, and they must and will continue to pursue that line of art,

as Mr. Haydon is now doing, where there is a demand, and where there is a reward.

Soon after his release from prison, Mr. Kearsey, of Lothbury, the friend of his misfortunes, employed him to paint his family; directly after he got a commission for St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, to paint Robt. Hawkes, Esq., and at this moment owes tranquillity and ease to that line of painting which he once held in such contempt. He will never undertake another historical work, unless employed to do so; for with history he has scarcely any other associations but bitterness, degradation, and sorrow*. Flashes of hope, brightening only to be obscured; anticipation of success, generated only to be disappointed. The bitterest pang in his misfortunes was, that many sincere friends were involved by the suddenness of his ruin, whom he could not extricate in time. There can be no doubt his faults were great, and his greatest, was too ardent a feeling for the glory of his country. Perhaps his sufferings have been an expiation—at any rate he proved his sincerity, by persevering till he was ruined; and all must acknowledge, had the Royal Academy been more historical, the patrons more spirited, and the public more interested in the art, the reward of nineteen years' devotion to a noble pursuit, would very likely not have been a jail!

Yet success or failure gives such different colour to conduct—that what in one instance is considered rash, unprincipled and senseless, is always in the other praised as heroic, decided, and grand!

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Hommage aux Dames. London 1824 for 1825. John Letts, jr.

ANOTHER extremely pretty present for the near approaching holiday time of the year, dedicated "to the Ladies," and not unworthy of their patronage. To exemplify our opinion, we shall endeavour to compress "The Haunted Head, or la Testa di Marti," an exceedingly well told story, into such compass as our limits admit:

"It was yet early on a May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of

* At the very moment of beginning the "head of Lazarus" he was arrested by a tradesman, with whom he had dealt and paid for fifteen years. The officer getting interested with the picture, told him, he would take his word, to come down in the evening, and he would leave him to finish the head. The promise was given—the officer retired. Let the reader imagine the state of mind of the artist directly after such a scene! In disgust and agitation he took up his palette, and began to dash about his brush; by accident he scrawled out an expression in the eyes, got interested, and finished the head before three, dined, and then went down to the officer's house!

Les quatre fils Aymon, at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle."

These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, "as mad a man of genius as the son of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked upon," and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France at Fontainebleau. For reasons assigned, Cellini sets out by himself, leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposes to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, is specially warned to take care, "in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path." This house, the host tells him "belongs to the Chancellor Poyet, who says he does not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devotes himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he has an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel me one day for walking too near his garden wall, and the Gascon Captain Sangfeu, who cut off poor Blaise's ear for doing as little." There is also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion; and it may be anticipated that Ascanio wanders that way.—"A long garden, inclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back, and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

"He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and listening more intently and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs and such expressions of sorrow as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and without further hesitation he ascended the tree.—Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under."

In a colloquy which ensues, she exhorts him to fly, tells him she is an orphan whom Poyet wants to force into marriage; and finally agrees to elope with her young lover.

"Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the

wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap just stuck on the left side of his head gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, when Ascanio looked up at him.

"'Hush,' he said, 'it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape.' Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer. He told him of the difficulty he had to get the lady over the wall."

While employed on this, "three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn.

"'By St. Denis, we have been reckoning without our host,' cried the stranger, 'they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark,' he said to Ascanio, 'you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, Madam,' he said, putting the lady on his horse, 'and if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road till you come to Paris; inquire for the nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will ensure you protection.'

"The lady received the ring, and, half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of the Gascon Captain, the porter, and a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight: they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the Captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and twisting it very lightly round his left arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as a man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the Captain's first blow, and dealt in return so shrewd a cut upon the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any further share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and to do him justice, the Gascon Captain was a fair match for most men. The stranger,

however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and in less than five minutes the Captain lay beside the servant so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfeu. I have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end of all, and you die as a soldier should." And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake," cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, Madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body until the shell struck against his breast-bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet.

"The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio, "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone!" and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted.

"But what will you do?" returned the youth.

"I am not far from home, and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse, he'll carry you six leagues in an hour. Good bye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who by his pawing seemed to know his master."

The lovers do indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and "his gallop was as wild as if it would never end." But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio is at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge.

"He was at this time living with Cellini, in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called *Il Piccol Nello*. Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady, for a short time at least, until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini.

"Among the odd whims which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars, had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court yard of

Il Piccol Nello. The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles, and a very terrible affair to look upon it was.

"Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper Catherine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him up to his chamber.

"Cellini's oddities and the uncereemonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the *Il Piccol Nello*, had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the Conseillers du Parlement." This tailor becomes for certain reasons the implacable foe of Cellini. "He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of *Il Piccol Nello*, and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes, but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing upon a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the *Testa di Marte* he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the lacquais of all the Conseillers he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in *Il Piccol Nello* was as well known as any other current lie in the city."

In this chamber Beatrice is placed: meanwhile the Chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade "none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight, and for this reason; two of them were stone-dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions." He however pursues the fugitives, "resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies, by an unlucky habit he had of threatening to kill people

with whom he had any disputes. A practice which, although it has its advantages, would, if generally adopted, be highly injurious to all legal professions; and which, therefore, deserved the most severe reprobation of a Chancellor."

Aware of Cellini's favour with the king, he is obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head is therefore made the hinge on which the artist's ruin is to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the king's mistress, and his majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, enter into the confederacy against him.

The confessor "devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the Chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the Chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, 'did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works.'

"I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, 'but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the *Inferno*, I could not find worse fiends.'

"But here," said the king, holding out the papers, 'two men swear that you have a head of the devil in *Il Piccol Nello*, and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church.'

"The confessor crossed himself.

"I abjure the devil and his powers," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; 'and next to them I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long.'"

The king decides, on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was gone to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marte, wherein the bride was lodged.

"The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her op-

pressor, the Chancellor. She could not see any of the persons unless she had looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself.

"'And this,' said the king, 'is what they call the Devil's Head.'

"'Who calls it so?' asked Cellini, fiercely, 'it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil is an ass and a liar!'

"'Patience, good Benvenuto,' said the king; 'let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon.'

"The Chancellor, who had taken care upon the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth, and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

"It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the king laughed until his sides ached.

"The Chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting that if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy, they would invent some pretext upon which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the king was much greater than his own, the confessor fell into his scheme readily, and he said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The king had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stack of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this

structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the priests crossed themselves; even the king looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the magic head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

"'Fiends, monsters!' he cried, 'advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit.'

"Beatrice heard his voice, and almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach.

"'What means all this?'" cried the king. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl to listen to the question.

"The old Chancellor, however, who recognised Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation.

"'My gracious liege,' he cried, 'this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household and having carried off the maiden by force.'

"'It is false,' cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the king's feet, 'they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection.'

"'But what says the youth?' asked the king, of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the forest of Fontainebleau. 'Has he any witness besides that maiden who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?'

"'He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers,' cried the Chancellor in a rage, 'he has no witness.'

"'Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand Chancellors,' replied the youth; 'and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but upon weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion.'

"'No, my liege,' he added, turning to the king, and kneeling — 'I have no witness save God and your majesty.'

"'And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, Chancellor; by my holy patron, St. Denis, I believe he could him-

self have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain, but know that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor Sangfeu, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dare not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there I had done it myself."

"The king and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the Chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again. He kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in *Il Piccol Nello* for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence, and said, that of all works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as

"LA TESTA DI MARTE."

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Extracts from the Journal of an Officer who fell in a recent Engagement between the French and Spaniards.

December 25th, 1822.—This is Christmas-day, a season of mirth and festivity to thousands, though to me it brings no change—no merriment. I am pursuing the same dull, unvarying course of life, without any alleviation of its sufferings. In my walk just now in the gloom of evening, I see all around me preparing to drown their cares in joy and gladness. *All* did I say? No—not quite all. There was one poor shivering creature, scarcely covered with clothing, that I passed as she crawled along by the railings, looking wistfully at the kitchen windows below, where all seemed mirth and happiness. As I stopped to gaze at her, I saw the tears trickle down her faded cheeks, and she gathered her tattered garments closer round her aching bosom, as if *that* could shut out the remembrance of her sorrows. I passed her again, and threw her my purse—and I heard her sobbing thanks in the silent street, as I hurried onward from one even more wretched than myself.

January 1st, 1823.—Another day of joy and rejoicing! and with many justly so; but with *me*, alas! it adds but another day of sorrow, to a life already worn down with misery.

Another fleeting year has passed,
The dawn of this no pleasure brings;
Come, Hope, thy cheering influence cast,
Around me spread thy radiant wings.
Yet can I court thy flattering smile,
Too often meant but to deceive;
To soothe the languid heart the while—
Then reckless doom that heart to grieve.

No—no—I will not trust thy power,
 And yet I dare not bid thee fly;
 'Tis thou canst cheer the long sick hour,
 Thy whispering hush the fearful sigh.
 This *was* thy influence o'er my heart,
 Though now no more thy power I know,
 Since fell misfortune's piercing dart,
 Hath chased all hope, and sealed my wo!

There was a time, however, when I welcomed the coming year with as much joy as any one; but then I was happy, and life was young, and I had parents, and friends, and kindred, and knew not what sorrow was. I remember well—for it is only six years ago—the last happy new year that I spent at home. At home! How keen a pang does that dear word occasion! How many fond remembrances rise up as I write it! Alas! what is it now but a dream! We were all at home—happy and together. My father, and Jane, and little Edward—my mother had died long before—with a whole generation of uncles, aunts, and cousins. Jane had just left school, and was shining in all the charms of ripening womanhood. She was very fond of Edward—indeed, she loved us all—but Edward was the pet. I think I see her now—her graceful form bending over her young brother—her long auburn hair overshadowing his happy smiling face, while her own bright eyes were glistening with affection and happiness. Then we *were* happy, and little did I dread the calamities which were about to fall upon my devoted head. I thank heaven, however, that my dear sister was spared the shock—she never could have survived it. * * *

February 24th.—This is the sixth anniversary of my last happy visit to my native village. I had been absent so long, and every one was so rejoiced to see me, that I was almost spoiled with kindness. Well do I remember my parting, particularly with my sister. She clung round my neck with all the agony of ungoverned grief—sobbed as if her young heart would break, kissed me again and again, and implored me not to leave her. Poor girl! could she have a presentiment that on earth we were never to meet again? I had not been absent two months, ere she was a corpse!

It was a dull gloomy morning when I left home. A heavy mist hung over the hills, and came down occasionally into the valley, which it filled with its oppressive dampness.

The mist was on the mountains as I went,
 From that lov'd spot where my young days were spent,
 The gladdening sun withheld his cheering ray,
 The gloomy skies frown'd o'er my gloomier way,
 And all was cold and cheerless.

I have often thought of this since, and considered it ominous of my future destiny. Is there such a thing as presentiment? and can the spirits of our departed friends have any influence upon our thoughts and actions? Can they imperceptibly endue our minds with a foreboding of the good or evil that betides us? It has been thought by many that they can, and I have often imagined that

my own feelings have been uncontrollably influenced by some such agency. It may perhaps be only the effect of imagination—but I must think otherwise. That the spirits of individuals have *sometimes* appeared after their decease is to me a matter of great probability, and I have often thought that their appearance has been ordained by Providence for the accomplishment of some more than ordinary purpose. Why, indeed, should we refuse to admit so decisive a proof of the immortality of the soul? Rather let us agree with the poet, who thus sweetly advocates the benevolent solicitude of Providence:—

And is there care in Heav'n, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercies doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man—to serve his cruel foe.
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they, with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul hends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love—and nothing for reward;
Oh, why should heavenly God for man have such regard!

May 2d.—This is my twenty-ninth birth-day, and thus early do I find myself alone in the world—without father—without mother—without friends or kindred of any kind—without even a home, or an abiding place! And was it for this that I was dragged into the world? The spring-tide of my life promised better and happier things; but all its budding hopes are withered, and I am now a miserable, morose, and melancholy being.

This to many is the most pleasant and lively season of the year: to me it is but a bitter mockery of faded happiness. When I strolled out this morning, all nature seemed verdant and rejoicing:

The sun in unapproachable diversity,
Career'd rejoicing in his fields of light.

The birds sung, and all looked joy, health, and hilarity, painfully reminding me of the insignificance of individual misfortunes, when compared with the mighty and magnificent mechanism of nature. I could not but reflect what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation—and I thought it a shame to feel concerned at the idea of such a trivial animal as myself. The morning after my departure the sun will rise as bright as ever—the flowers will smell as sweet, and spring up as green and flourishing: the world will proceed in its old course—people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were wont to do, for the memory of man passeth away as the remembrance of a

guest that tarrieth but one day. In the morning he is green, and groweth up; in the evening he is gone—cut down—and withered!

May 8th.—I was rambling this morning in the outskirts of London, when chance led me into a small shop to purchase a pair of gloves. The only person I could see was a young girl, about seventeen, and very beautiful. I could not help gazing intently—and it may be—rudely—at her, for she turned away from my scrutiny with a blush, which added to her beauty. I felt awkward and confused. Was it love? Pshaw! I can never love again! She thanked me for my purchase, and timidly inquired if there was any thing else that I wanted? “Oh, yes,” I answered, and purchased a number of articles, the very names of which I scarcely knew. She asked whither she should send them? I would call for them to-morrow I told her, and with another eager gaze I left the shop.—I must see her again!—But is it right that a wretched being like me should engage this poor girl’s affections, and then leave her to mourn over her withered happiness? Pshaw! woman is not so tender-hearted and sensitive, and so soon as she loses one lover, she speedily makes up the deficiency with another! I thought otherwise *once*, and reposed all my love and all my confidence upon one, who treacherously abused both! Oh! how fervently did I love Louisa L——, and how serpent-like did she deceive me! But we were married, and how happy was I as I led my blushing bride from the altar! She was my first—my only love—and the innocent pleasures of our courtship are too indelibly impressed upon my memory to be readily forgotten:—

We often rambled on the sea-beach side
At eve, when the winds lay still: and the tide
Out-stretched at giant-length, in deep repose
Lay heaving onward, onward, till it rose
Into the distant blue, and bore on high
Sail, mast, and banner with it to the sky.
The frequent seal shot up from out the deep
His smooth black head, and from the neighbouring steep,
The sea-mew leap’d to skim before our path,
Or scream above in her unheeded wrath.
Here arm in arm we roam’d all free and lone,
Climb’d many a path, and sat on many a stone:
Spoke the full heart, unnoted, unrepressed,
And told the love that dwelt in either breast.
Here would we linger, till the star of even
Look’d out upon us like an eye in heaven;
And saw us still upon the yellow sands,
Breathing soft vows, and pledging trembling hands;
And warn’d my village maid at last to flee
Home through the falling dews from night and me.

But alas! for the frailty of human nature! Two years had not gone by before—shall I record her infamy?—before she fled from me, with a villain whom I had cherished as my bosom friend! I survived this double shock, to become a restless wretched wanderer—shunning and shunned by all. But why should I compare this poor artless girl to such an accomplished wanton? I will see

her again, and she shall become the only earthly friend of the unhappy heart-broken W.

May 9th.—I have just been for my parcel, and have learned that the lovely girl's name is Eliza Wilson. I am more charmed with her than ever, and I fancied she looked pleased when she saw me enter the shop. She certainly blushed, and appeared confused as she handed me the parcel. From what could this arise? I find thoughts coming thick into my mind, which it would be evil to encourage. I will, therefore, stroll out in the quiet evening air, and endeavour to dispel them.

It is past eleven, and I have just returned from Covent Garden Theatre, where I witnessed a scene that I shall never forget. I had entered a box, the front seat of which was occupied by a gentleman and a female very fashionably attired. They were both young—the latter certainly was not more than eighteen, and very pretty; but the expression of her features was deformed by an air of confidence, which completely neutralized all the effects of her beauty. As my eyes wandered listlessly over the pit, I encountered the gaze of a plain respectable-looking young man, evidently just come from the country. At first I imagined he was looking at me; but I was soon convinced that his scrutiny was directed to my companions, particularly to the female, between whom and himself I observed a very striking resemblance. Presently he quitted his seat in the pit, and shortly afterwards I heard the door of our box open, and saw him enter. His face was pale as ashes, his lips quivered, and there was in his eyes the most frightful expression I ever beheld. The play had ended, and they were preparing for the entertainment, so that there was a little bustle in the house. The countryman passed me, and in a moment was by the side of the gentleman who sat before me. He seized him by the collar, and thundered into his ear, as he dragged him out of the box, "have I found you at last, you infernal scoundrel?—I'll teach you to seduce young women from their homes, you infernal villain!" and with a blow, which would have felled an ox, he laid his victim prostrate before him. There was soon a great disturbance in the theatre, and it was quickly ascertained that the individual who had been knocked down by the countryman, was the seducer of his sister, and that this sister was the female who had sat by him in the box. I waited to hear no more. The scoffings of an enraged mob reached my ears, as I hastened from a scene which awakened every strong feeling of my soul; and imprecations justly provoked, were thickly showered on the profligate seducer, as he crawled, like a worm, from his grovelling posture. How the uproar terminated I know not—but the whole scene is now before me; and the groans and curses of the people are still ringing in my ears. Good God:—what must that wretched brother have suffered!

I am glad I have witnessed this scene—it has determined me in my conduct towards Eliza. Suppose I had prosecuted my atten-

tions to her, and so far ingratiated myself into her favour, as to have won her confidence and esteem. This, perhaps, would be no arduous task—it would at all events be a gratification—but a gratification purchased at the expense of every just and honourable feeling. Eliza could never be my *wife*! and heaven forbid that I should in an unguarded moment—for deliberately I never could—ruin her peace of mind, and destroy her happiness for ever! But suppose I should not go so far as this, but merely lead her from that reserved modesty which every girl ought to possess. Even this would be an evil; because it could not occur without first undermining that fixed and steady firmness which is the best preservative against the crafty designs of the libertine. My passions are as strong as those of most people—but it is merely as passions that they are so. At the impulse of the moment I have done many rash and unwise actions—but deliberate reflection has never failed to awaken in my bosom—scorched and seathed as it is—that virtuous resolution, which is the result of my sainted mother's parental solicitude. I will forego, therefore, my intention of cultivating Eliza's acquaintance. At present she is happy and contented: should any one lead her but one step from such a condition, he may have much hereafter to answer for. I most assuredly will not be that one.

I have long thought of leaving England; and the present war between France and Spain, will afford me a favourable opportunity. I have now no wish to live; and by joining the Spanish patriots, some friendly ball may end all my woes. I shall apply to-morrow to the Spanish agent, and then—

“My native land—good night!”

May 10th.—I have just returned from Senor S. who has afforded me facilities for leaving England as soon as I please. But I must once more visit my mother's and my sister's graves—and I will leave London by the mail to-night.

May 13th.—I have been once more to D——, and have wandered undisturbed over the ancient domains of my fathers. All now is desolation and ruin.

Ruin is there—but mine slow and mild—
The spider's wandering web is thin and gray,
On roof and wall now clings the dusky bat,
And where sweet infants' voices used to sound,
Now moans the sullen owl—
—On the hospitable hearth
The blind worm and slow beetle climb their round.

I went into the court-yard, and the weeds and long grass almost choked up the entrance. I went into the garden, and there was the same scene of sadness and decay. The summer-house was closed, but I burst open the rusty lock, and saw many a well-remembered token of days *that were*. On the wooden bench were the initials of my name, coupled with those of my sister; and a swallow which built its nest regularly every year in one corner,

was twittering with joy as it flew to and fro with food for its young. Behind the summer-house is a large oak, under which I have gambolled in many a summer's day. I looked on its trunk, and saw the letters of a name, which it is now agony to look upon. I had cut them on the bark one summer's evening, when I was at home and happy. Some moss had grown about the letters, and I rubbed it off with my handkerchief. I did not go into the house; for the hall-door was locked; but I looked in at the parlour window, and saw that the rats and the spiders had been gaily revelling amidst the furniture. I walked to the village through the parks, and sighed as I passed by each well-known avenue; for

The friends, with whom in youth I roved these woodland dells among,
Have ceas'd their kindly sympathies—the birds have ceased their song:
Stern ruin throws around the spot her melancholy hue,
She withers all she looks upon—and I am withered too.

There is a little hill just by the lodge, which guards the gate leading to the village; and I walked to the summit to enjoy a last look at the domain of my ancestors, at the placid scene of all my youthful happiness. It was a lovely evening, the setting sun cast over all that rich and varied scene the glowing beams of his departing glory. I looked toward the mansion, and there it stood as it stood for ages—unconscious of its desolation. I remained on the hill till the sun had set, and till evening, with all its gentle accompaniments, had succeeded the brilliancy of day. I heard

The ploughman's careless whistle—the low bleat
Of youngling flocks, the drowsy tinkling bell,
The bark of village watch-dogs, as they greet
The homeward shepherd—

and then I repaired to the village to meet the mail—my bosom swelling with the melancholy consciousness that I should never, never behold those beloved scenes again!

My path led towards the church, and I sprang over the gate, and stood beside my mother's grave. The tablet which was affixed to the tomb was still glistening in all its freshness, and I read with a tearful eye the name and lineage of my beloved parent. I knelt down and prayed beside the grave. I prayed for a release from sufferings which had become unendurable. I prayed for *one*, whose passions had plunged her into guilt, which would require a deep and terrible expiation. I prayed, also, for a speedy re-union with the spirits of those beloved objects, which were sleeping in peace and quietude below; and having done so, I felt better prepared for an eternal separation from the green and smiling valleys of my native land.

May 16th.—I have just seen Eliza. She was as beautiful and as modest as ever. I told her I was going to leave England, and she seemed concerned. At parting, I held out my hand, and she immediately gave me hers. It was very soft, and trembled exceedingly. I pressed it gently, and put it to my lips; and then quitted the house: but not till I had placed in that soft and tremulous hand, a trifling memorial of my regard for the maiden.

August 26th.—This evening will perhaps decide my doom. The detachment to which I belong has received orders to surprise a party of the enemy, which has taken shelter among the neighbouring rocks for the night. This is always a dangerous duty, and I can almost rejoice that I am amongst the number deputed to execute it. I have been occupying an hour or two in arranging what few memorandums I have retained, and in looking, it may be for the last time, at those memorials of mingled joy and misery, which I have preserved. There is a miniature painting of Louisa L. taken when I first loved her, and exhibiting all the beauty and artlessness of one, who could not then have known deceit. It is very, very like her, and requires only a spark of some Promethean fire to breathe and live. There is a sketch also, of Eliza—made in an idle hour, from memory—and that is also, a strong and striking likeness: but the calm and still beauty of the one, presents a forcible contrast to the brilliant charms of the other. The original I must never hope to see again.

The hour of attack draws near; for the sun has long since set—and we only wait for the moon pervading darkness of actual night to rush down upon our foe. I go prepared for death, and I have a cheering consolation in the reflection, that ere to-morrow's dawn my spirit, freed from its clog of clay, may meet once more those whom it best loved, while living. * * *

'TIS PAST—THE FOND—THE FLEETING DREAM.

'Tis past—the fond—the fleeting dream
Of love and hope is o'er,
And darkly steals life's troubled stream
Unto the silent shore.

But still this broken heart of mine
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine,
Till it is laid at rest with thine,
Where grief is felt no more.

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot,
In some far desert placed;
To me each scene where thou art not
Is but a joyless waste.
Where all around is bright and fair
I only feel thou art not there,
And turn from what thou canst not share,
And sigh to be at rest!

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,
For me her charms are vain:
The heart that once hath loved like mine
Can never love again.

The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,
Are pass'd by me unheeded by;
And where thy ruin'd relics lie,
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath sever'd been
Since thou hast ceased to be;
Our hearts the grave hath closed between.

And what remains for me
In this dark pilgrimage below?
A vain regret—a cherished wo—
And tears that cannot cease to flow

Whene'er I think of thee. *[London Mag.]*

Venice under the Yoke of France and Austria. By a Lady of Rank. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Whittaker. 1824.

THE slavery of Italy gives a great deal of employment to the liberty of the press. It is a soil not more fought for in war than written about in peace. Armed conflict is followed by literary contention, book after book pursue each other in close succession to explain every thing relative to the past fortunes and present condition of the classic land of arms and song, and the latest one takes us over every inch of ground as if nothing had been yet explained. The state of Italy involves a narrative which seems to partake very much of the nature of Corporal Trim's story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles, which had fifty beginnings, but never came to an end. Yet the territory of the Scipios and the Medici is as barren of character and incident as it was formerly prolific in genius and adventure, and Venice with her ocean palaces is but a splendid wreck of proud and opulent dominion, that moulders daily towards the final state of decay. Throughout all the Italian provinces the human mind seems to be stationary in a very singular degree. Art and science languish, public spirit is extinguished, enterprise is chained up, and processions, carnivals, theatres and taxation make up the leading features of society in the land. All these things have been so often written, painted and lithographed, that we fondly imagined we could have nothing more to hear of the existing state of the country, until something as important as a new revolution at Naples, a miracle at Rome, or an eruption of Vesuvius, afforded some novel excitement to exhausted curiosity. Vain imagination! There has been a vast deal of well compiled dolour lavished upon this celebrated peninsula. We will acknowledge that it has not very deeply stirred our sympathies. Italy is no doubt an Austrian helot at this hour; but one whose crimes present every where the most revolting evidence of the lamentable efficacy of ignorance and despotism in degrading the human character and enfeebling the intellect. To this the Austrian yoke is "light as air." A people who can submit to the most debasing of all tyrannies—that of monkish imposture, and can grovel contentedly in the dust under the brutishness of superstition, scarcely merit the fellow-feeling, and certainly do not deserve the assistance of an enlightened people. The power which treads out every spark of glory and intelligence throughout the Italian states governs not so much by its own strength as by the weakness and vices of those who crouch to its dominion. Nations that, with a population of a hundred times the amount of the invading or oppressing army, cannot redeem themselves from moral and social humiliation, are not fit for independence. There is no material of virtue in them upon which the fabric of political greatness and rational freedom can be raised; those who would offer to such people assistance to deliver them from a bondage which the

stature of their mind has not outgrown, may possess philanthropy, but they want wisdom. In their utmost success they could obtain only the luckless distinction of the renowned knight of La Mancha, who had scarcely broken the fetters of the galley-slaves, when they realized their new rights by pelting their deliverer. If the French before and the Austrians since have discovered that the Italian disposition is so admirably adapted for vassalage that no oppression could rouse it into manhood, they did no more than turn the base qualities which they found in the country to the purposes of their own policy, just as the sutlers of both their armies turned to account the asses which came in their way, by loading them with panniers, in the very allowable impression that these grave and long-eared animals would not resist the encroachment, and turn into lions against their drivers. It is even scarcely to be doubted that were the Italians by any accident to be delivered from the control of foreign armies, the ignorance and vice which brought them into this miserable extremity, would ensure their subjection still to local tyrannies, and to the darkest ascendancy of superstition. Before they can value regulated freedom, or estimate the use of manly civil institutions, they must emancipate themselves from a heavier burden than that of the German despot. The devastations of Attila were not so deplorable as those of fanaticism. The barbarian violence that humbled the pride of Italy had not such malignant action upon the destinies of her inhabitants as the ambitious frauds of her priesthood. Her people dwell in the garden of Europe, a land flowing with milk and honey, covered with the olive and the vine, she is filled with the works of genius and the recollections of glory, yet as in the time of our fathers "man is the only growth that dwindles there." The faculties, created to sustain the great duties of public and private life, are content to trail the earth, and the heart is steeped in effeminacy and defilement. Under the most oppressive form of authority such a people could not be more wretched than their degrading habits have made them, and under the most liberal control they would not cease to be slaves. All honest testimony leads to this unhappy conclusion; and the detail of the fall of Venice, in these volumes is a curious illustration of this rottenness at the core of all national vigour and virtue.

Though the work includes Naples, Florence, Rome, Padua, Milan, Parma, Genoa, Piedmont, &c. yet Venice forms the principal object of description, and certainly there is a great deal of local and miscellaneous information afforded to the reader, which bears evident marks of more than a casual observation of the people. The following is the author's description of the Venetian ladies.

"The societies at Venice, whether at private houses or at the public casinos, are generally enlivened with the smiling eyes, and gentle and fascinating looks of the fair sex, and are conducted with an elegance and an ease superior to most other female societies; and without any of that discordant rivalry of prerogatives, to

often to be met with elsewhere. The casinos are conducted much in the same manner as the subscription houses in London: where the members are at liberty to do as they please; with this especial difference, that the ladies only are subscribers, the gentlemen being honorary members. Strangers of respectability, of both sexes, are readily admitted, and meet with a polite and affable reception. The company are entertained with a concert, and treated with refreshments. Cards are introduced at the wish of any of the party; and other amusements, except those of hazard. These casinos are furnished in the most costly and elegant style, and are brilliantly lighted up with the beautiful wax candles for which Venice is so justly celebrated.

"The regularity, the order, and the magnificence which prevail at these princely casinos, at once discover the ladies of Venice to be a superior race of beings to their neighbours of the Terra Firma. In their conversation they are lively and unaffected without levity, and communicative and affable without coquetry.

"The uncommon share of freedom which these ladies enjoy, induces foreigners, who have but a superficial knowledge of them, to form an opinion of them very different from that which they really deserve. My observations, of course, apply solely to good society. The mixed classes of every country have their *chiaro scuro*. The Venetian ladies are extremely engaging in their manners; and as to their dress, it may be called becoming rather than fashionable, and sets off their fine figures to the greatest advantage. It is not unusual for them to be married to men whom they have never before seen, except through the grate of the convent in which they have been educated, and which they only quit to enter into the gay world, through the temple of Hymen—where Cupid rarely presides, beyond the honey-moon! And, to this very liberty, which they enjoy the moment they are married, is it to be ascribed, that they are usually not so capricious as the Italians of the south, who are more rigorously subjected to antiquated external formalities.

"If the experience of twenty years, obtained by a residence amongst, and a constant intercourse with, the highest orders of society, can justify me in hazarding an opinion, I may venture to pronounce the ladies of Venice worthy of our best esteem. There is a wide difference between an easy, unrestrained carriage, and that looseness of conduct, which is but too apt to be confounded with it." Vol. I. p. 47.

The following account is given of the patrician paupers, called "Bernabotti."

"The much talked-of Venetian *Bernabotti*, who take their name from having once lived, from motives of frugality, in a remote quarter of the city, called San Barnaba, are the descendants of some of the first inhabitants of the Adriatic Islands. All of them are ancient patricians, who, from misfortunes and a train of unforeseen events, have been reduced to the lowest pitch of indigence. To prevent, however, their being driven to the dire necessity of begging in the public streets, or of being employed in menial occupations, which might reflect disgrace on the descendants of the founders of its liberty and independence, the Republic kindly thought fit to make ample provision for the various religious and lay institutions, for their reception and decent support. The males, whose inclinations might not dispose them to follow a religious avocation, the moment they attained the age of five-and-twenty, were appointed to the Quaranta. But, the claim to this provision for the Bernabotti, like that for the knights of Malta, depended on purity of blood. If that blood chanced to be contaminated by an unfortunate crossing of breed, the odds ran hard against their being entitled thereto. As their very subsistence, therefore, was made to depend upon legitimacy, they rarely disgraced their birth by a plebeian marriage; since, the provision was only bestowed on those, whose nativity and matrimonial unions were inscribed in the Golden Book, or register of nobility." Vol. I. p. 65.

Among the ingenious methods which some statesmen have no compunction in resorting to for the purpose of raising a revenue out of the very misfortunes of a people, the contrivance described in the ensuing passage seems to deserve the pre-eminence.

"Numerous are the decrees, of the above gracious description, which have been is-

sued by the Austrian Government, to quiet the unwary Venetians, by the expectation of redress for their grievances, and indemnification for their losses. This trick is resorted to, from motives of the most far-fetched guile, in order to extract the last ducat from the pockets of these miserable victims to every species of human disaster. For, be it known to my readers, that, once a week, his "paternal" and Imperial Majesty receives at Vienna the humblest of his German subjects. They must, however, as a preparatory and indispensable step, be all of them furnished with a memorial, drawn up on *stamped* paper; for, without a memorial so drawn up, not a Jack of them can be admitted into the royal presence!

"But, alas for the poor Venetians, whose territory his Imperial Majesty designates as the "brightest jewel" and the "most valuable gem" of his crown, they are not permitted to feast their longing eyes on the august countenance, unless when the Emperor graciously condescends to pay a visit to the city of desolation! Being generally interdicted from journeying to Vienna, they have no other mode of making known their grievances, but through the medium of stamped-paper memorials. No fewer than twelve thousand of these memorials, on subjects deeply affecting their well-being, have been returned to them, accompanied with a direct negative to their pressing solicitations.

"Nay, to such a pitch is this system carried, that it is now become quite a common thing at Venice, when it is rumoured that any one, not in the secret, is about to send off a petition to Vienna, appealing against some act of injustice, to exclaim—'If you happen to have any money which you are desirous of flinging away, risk it in the lottery; for there, at least, you have one chance out of a thousand in your favour: but, if you send a memorial to Vienna, no benefit can possibly arise out of it—except to the Austrian treasury!'" Vol. I. p. 77.

There is also we are told a short remedy for defalcations in the revenue, which admirably secures the exchequer against the consequences of the greatest practical defect in financial operations, namely, the dishonesty of collectors. The taxes at Venice, are paid every two months according to the present system, and the individuals, upon payment, receive a printed government receipt. Should it happen, however, as is not unfrequently the case, that the tax gatherer absconds, all who have paid are, notwithstanding their receipts, compelled to pay over again. If this be the case, Vespasian himself might have taken a lesson in financial arithmetic from the authorities in Venice, without disparagement to his talent for exaction.

A great portion of the work consists of lively *chit chat* relative to remarkable personages, of which we give the following specimen, as appearing to us innocent and amusing.

"The winged lion of St. Mark was the ancient arms of the Republic; that saint having become the patron of Venice, ever since his remains were brought to that city from the Levant. Even the animal itself is so represented; holding between his claws the book of the laws of that evangelical saint, and distinguished from his brother lions by having a crown on his head, and wings rising out of his shoulders; which insignia were at the head of all the decrees and acts of the Republic. This circumstance gave rise to the witty reply of Foscari to Prince Kaunitz, the Austrian minister, on his asking one day, in the presence of the Empress Maria Theresa, at whose court Foscari then resided as the Venitian ambassador, 'where the Republic had found its *winged* lion?' 'In the same forest,' replied Foscari, 'in which Austria discovered her *two-headed* eagle.'

"The beautiful Maria Theresa laughed heartily, not only at Foscari's answer, but at the effect it produced on Prince Kaunitz; who, suddenly starting back, nearly knocked off his superb court wig, which it usually took him a couple of hours every morning to adjust to his satisfaction.

"This same Prince Kaunitz was the most distinguished German dandy of his day, and was, as I have said, especially particular in the arrangement of his wig. I had one morning an appointment with him on some business for a friend; when

his secretary told me he was sure the Prince had forgot the hour he had appointed, as it was the precise time which he devoted to his toilet, and that I should have to wait at least a couple of hours. While I was so waiting, this secretary related to me the following particulars.

"It was the usual practice, he said, for the valet-de-chambre to dress the said wig on the prince's head. As soon as the row upon row of curls had been diplomatically and skilfully arranged, the knight of the curling irons next emptied at least a pound of powder into his pouch, and, from an aperture in the door, made for the purpose, puffed it into an empty room. When the room was completely filled therewith, the Prince, with a mask on his face, entered it, and took a few stately turns backward and forward, until every hair of his perfumed perriwig had received its due quantum of the powdery particles.

"Foscari, perceiving that Maria Theresa enjoyed the above retort, took the liberty of telling her Imperial Majesty, that she might smile, but it was no laughing matter to himself, who, on his return to Venice, after a three years' residence at her court, could not boast of having so much as once had the pleasure of beholding her Imperial Majesty's countenance.

"Maria Theresa, imagining that the Venitian ambassador had attempted to say something very witty, desired him to explain himself. Upon which, Foscari replied, 'May it please your Majesty, I am unfortunately so near-sighted, that without my magnifying glass, I am unable to distinguish the features of any individual I am in conversation with; but I dare not, of course, venture to make use of it in your Imperial Majesty's presence.'

"'Yes, yes!' Foscari said the Empress, 'pray make use of your glass as much as you please; only take care that you do not magnify my defects!' Foscari accordingly availed himself of the royal permission, exclaiming while doing so, 'Bella! bella! sì, per Dio!' and continuing to look at her Imperial Majesty, until he quitted the court.

"The great Francis Foscari was also ambassador at Constantinople, at the period when the famous Count de Vergennes was resident in the same capacity. Both of them being men of liberal minds, the Count, discovering the wonderful sagacity and superior talents of Foscari, soon became his most intimate friend, as well as his disciple in politics. During Foscari's life-time, no affair of importance took place in France, after the Count became minister, on which he was not consulted. Happy, most happy, would it have been for France, if her able minister had been at liberty to profit by that great man's counsel! It was from Foscari, that the Count de Vergennes obtained the famous cypher, by means of which he carried on that impenetrable correspondence, which baffled all the courts of Europe, and even his own most confidential secretaries; who wrote the letters, and received the answers, in this famous cypher, but nevertheless were unable to guess at a title of their contents. This cypher afterwards proved of the greatest service to many persons of the highest rank, connected with the French court." Vol. I. p. 198.

The author gives an accurate and rather interesting description of that picturesque class of persons called the Gondolieri.

"I have already mentioned the Ducal Palace. In the hall of the Pregadi, which was furnished with benches having backs to them, the Senate formerly assembled. When any of those warm debates took place, of which I have elsewhere spoken, it was customary for the barcajuoli, or boatmen belonging to the patricians, to assemble with their gondolas on the canal, close to that side of the palace which overlooked the port; considering themselves the second body in the state, and the native defenders of the first.

"If, during the time that the senators were shut up in close deliberation, which in the winter often continued till late in the night, any disturbance happened to take place, they would show their vigilance, by watching the motions of the people around them with circumspection, and without betraying the slightest impatience or inquietude, or vaunting themselves on being engaged in the service of *i principi*, as they were accustomed to denominate their masters.

"Ministering to the inclinations of the nobles, and being the confidants of their pleasures, as well as a sort of *mouchards* of the government, each of them fancied himself in the secrets of the state. They would nevertheless treat those of their own calling, who were not so fortunate as to be in the service of the nobles, on a

footing of equality, considering them as brothers; which, indeed, is the word they make use of whenever they meet. '*Addio caro fradel!*' '*perme fradel!*' &c., are the customary salutations on passing and repassing in their gondolas, calling to one another, '*non travagliar, non strascinar, i poveri cristiani!*' When this conduct is contrasted with the language of vulgar abuse made use of by the hackney-coachmen and watermen of London and Paris, the Venetian Gondolieri actually appear to be saints.

"This striking difference is mainly to be attributed to their detestation of the filthy habit of intoxication—a virtue common to the whole tribe. I have seen many of the Gondolieri who actually knew Tasso by heart, and would recite, or rather chant, whole stanzas, while rowing the passengers along the canals. The practice is, however, rare at present. And, no wonder! For the very appearance of the German *sauer kraute* gentry, is sufficient to drive from the heads of these poor fellows, all remembrance of the sweet strains of the divine author of *La Gerusalemme Liberata!*

"In Venice, the streets are lighted up at night with small lamps, pretty much in the same way as the streets of Paris. As one of the Gondolieri was drawing the lamp up, a noble patrician, who happened to be passing, desired him to raise it a little higher. Upon which the man answered, 'It is sufficiently high for your and my horns to pass under, but if those of your Excellency are longer than mine, I will certainly draw up the lamp, so that you may pass on without coming in contact with it.' I had this anecdote from the gentleman who was the cause of it, and who hastened with it to the Casino; where it formed the subject of the evening's *conversazione*, and certainly lost nothing of its sprightliness by the manner in which it was related.

"So attached are the Gondolieri to their watery element, that if they happen to have a dispute with a man coming from Mestre or Fusina, two small towns which are only three or four miles from Venice, and are asked by their comrades who he is, they answer, '*nà so un foresto, chi vien da cà del diavolo*—he is a foreigner, and comes from the devil knows where.' " Vol. I. p. 215.

The following anecdote tolerably exemplifies the old opinion, that no man ever appeared great in the eyes of his "valet de chambre."

"At the Hôtel di Belvidere, where I resided, I found that one of the waiters had been servant to Buonaparte, during the siege of Toulon, when his propitious star first shone upon his early exploits. At that time, he was so excessively poor and friendless, that he and his man often could not scrape together a sum sufficiently large to allow them to engage any other conveyance, from Marseilles to Toulon, than a single horse between them, and frequently they were obliged to go on foot, for want of that useful commodity which is said to 'make the mare to go.'

"This man also accompanied Buonaparte to Paris, and continued in his service until he embarked for Egypt. He declared to me, that he had often heard his master say, 'I must positively quit Paris and France for some little time, or I shall meet with the fate that befel the Scipios: those two warriors were the greatest men Rome ever possessed: their statues were worshipped, and placed amongst those of their gods in the Pantheon, upon cushions; but they lost all their popularity with the Romans, by appearing too often before them.' To this policy it may be attributed, that Buonaparte was induced to undertake the command of that most extraordinary expedition." Vol. I. p. 277.

Masquerade exploits are given as part of the regal amusements of his Majesty of Naples; whether the king or his people are most to be admired, is a question which a Hottentot philosopher would find it difficult to resolve.

"As soon as I had concluded my observation, Sir William answered me thus—'To-morrow, Madam, will be Christmas-eve. To-day, the king is busily engaged in fishing, to supply the market of Naples with fish, for the suppers of his good Catholic subjects to-morrow; when all the fish which the monarch catches himself, or causes to be caught in his name, he will himself sell in the public market. If you are so disposed, we will take a drive and see this regal fishmonger, like

Solomon, in all his glory! You will thereby, from ocular demonstration, be able to form your own judgment as to the real character of this king, and of the claims which such a sovereign has to the respect of his subjects, or of his ministers: though, with all his weaknesses, Ferdinand is allowed to be a good-hearted man.'

"I accepted the offer; and accordingly, next morning, Sir William, Lady Hamilton, her mother, and myself set off from Caserta for Naples. Arrived there, Sir William and myself alighted, and, leaving the ladies in the carriage, we proceeded to the fish-market. And, sure enough, there stood his present majesty, the king of Naples, dressed in a white night-cap, and an apron around his waist, selling his fish to the best bidder, surrounded, 'in all his glory,' by the Lazzaroni, giggling, and eating bread and onions out of their filthy hands, and carrying on with them a conversation, couched in a sort of *patois* jargon, not a jot less vulgar nor more civilized than their own.

"A lawyer, whose name has escaped me, approached the stall, in the intention of purchasing some of the king's fish. Upon seeing him, his majesty, who knew him to be a great miser, asked him considerably more for the fish than he would have done any other person. Upon which, the lawyer offered what he thought was a fair price; when the king replied to him: 'Go, Mr. Lawyer, and fatten yourself on human dung; for you shall have no fish at that price, I assure you.' This was considered as an amazing piece of royal wit, and mightily was it applauded by the surrounding Lazzaroni, and loudly did these '*véritables sans-culottes*' laugh thereat; for, to say the truth, the greater part of them were nearly in *puri naturalibus*.

"His majesty used to indulge in numerous other amusements, equally singular and peculiar to himself. He would sometimes walk on the beautiful beach at the Chiaja, and, taking up one of these sans-culottes, would throw him, with the greatest violence, into the water—(perhaps the only washing the fellow had ever received)—and would then jump in after him, and bring him safe on shore. It was this freak of his Neapolitan majesty which gave birth to the immortal Canova's two figures of Hercules flinging Lichas into the sea, now in the possession of the banker Turloni, at Rome. What, then, can rationally be expected from a nation which, for more than half a century, has been taught in such a school, and by such a preceptor?

"On the last night of the Carnival, Ferdinand would go to the beautiful theatre San Carlo, and, ordering a dish of macaroni to be brought him, scalding hot, and mixed up with oil, cheese, beef-gravy and what not, from one of the upper boxes, when the pit was crowded with spectators, all attentive to the opera or ballet, he would throw the greasy mess, by handfuls, on his loving subjects; and those who wished to be particularly noticed by the monarch, would tumble head over heels, and scramble to pick up some of it to eat. All which the king would heartily enjoy, and would laugh most immoderately at those who appeared concerned and vexed at beholding the unctuous marks of royal favour on their holiday-suits.

"The queen, who would be sitting in her private box, would generally retire from the front, and now and then peep out, as if she was unwilling to show herself until the kingly sport was all over. As soon as Ferdinand had entirely got rid of the contents of his dish, he would enter her majesty's box, which was immediately over the stage, and would there receive the most unbounded applause for the feats he had achieved, and some of the Lazzaroni in the pit would hold up to him large pieces of the macaroni; upon which he would make the queen step forward to share in the public approbation bestowed on these his princely amusements." Vol. II. p. 50.

We are surprised to find so little said of the celebrated Lady Hamilton in these gossiping volumes. The Italian life of that woman would form one of the most curious volumes in the compass of biography. Considering the lowness, misfortunes, and desperate associations of her early career, perhaps no woman of her time, nor of any other, exhibited a more singular rise, or more singular powers for sustaining the rank to which she had been so strangely raised. Her private conduct, from the time of her becoming a wife, was, we believe, unimpeachable, and her public in-

fluence was certainly directed with unwearied perseverance, dexterity, and good-will to the cause of England. We will not say that her services were ill requited, because we have a strong reliance on the justice of the English government; but it must be allowed, that whatever the private reasons of ministers might have been, they never divulged satisfactory grounds for refusing the pension, which Nelson scarcely less than bought and bequeathed to her, by his last and greatest victory. The story here told of her marriage, exhibited artifice enough, (if it be true) but still an artifice far from unpardonable in her difficult situation, and with the fear of the king's attentions, and the hope of Sir William's reliance before her.

"However, to the kindness of the Queen of Naples, united to her own consummate address, had Lady Hamilton been indebted for her good fortune. The following anecdote, which was related to me by her mother, accompanied with much mirth at the deception so ably played off, has been frequently confirmed by Lady Hamilton herself, as well as part of it by Sir William, and may be depended on as a fact. Miss Emma Cadogan—for that was her name, at least the one which her reputed mother caused her to go by—when she first came to Naples, was sent by Sir William Hamilton, to be improved in her education, to a convent at Caserta. Walking out one day in the royal gardens, her personal charms attracted considerable notice. They became the subject of general conversation at court; and, among numerous other *dilettanti*, they excited the curiosity of a certain personage, who, as is usual on such occasions, employed some of his *dragomanti* to inform him the very next time she made her appearance in the royal gardens.

"One day, when Emma was taking a walk as usual with the female who had the charge of her, she was accosted by the personage in question. He was so completely struck with her—for she was no less beautiful in form than she was engaging in manners—that he followed her and solicited a private interview, which was peremptorily refused. He, however, succeeded in gaining over the female belonging to the convent who attended her, to contrive to walk with her in a part of the gardens where they would be less observed; and he there made her very seducing offers. But she refused to listen to any verbal promises, and requested he would commit to paper the proposition which he had, *viva voce*, made her.

"Not in the least suspecting her intentions, the personage in question complied. As soon, however, as Emma was in possession of the desired instrument, she sought an interview with the queen. The opportunity soon presenting itself, Emma fell upon her knees before her majesty, and humbly implored her, with tears in her eyes, to condescend to hear what she had to communicate. To which the queen consenting, she assured her majesty, that she wished to seclude herself from the world, by taking the veil, provided Sir William Hamilton did not intend to marry her; by doing which she said she should escape the seducing temptations to which she was constantly exposed. That the queen might judge of the sincerity of her declaration, she artfully presented her majesty with the paper given to her by the above-mentioned *incognito*; for such she represented him to be.

"At the sight of the document, which she instantly knew to be the king's handwriting, her majesty was delighted at seeing so young and beautiful a creature so disinterested, and virtuously preferring a life of seclusion to the pleasures of becoming the mistress of a monarch. Scarcely could Emma refrain from laughing outright, to think how completely she had imposed on her majesty, by making her believe that it was her intention to become a nun; though the tears were at the moment trickling down her cheeks. Which said tears, however, as she repeatedly told me, were occasioned by an onion which she had taken the precaution to conceal in her handkerchief, the better to enable her to carry on the farce.

"The queen had retired a few steps, for the purpose of reading the whole of the letter. 'During which time,' said Lady Hamilton, 'I was on my marrow-bones in the garden.' Her majesty then came up to her, and commanding her to rise, assured her, that if Sir William Hamilton did not engage to make her his wife.

within the space of four-and-twenty hours, she would provide for her a retreat in a convent, according to her wishes. Taking then a valuable ring from her finger, her majesty presented it to the fair suppliant, in return for the confidence she had so disinterestedly reposed in her; and on reaching the palace, she sent immediately for Sir William Hamilton.

"As might be expected, the result was in implicit compliance with the wishes of a supplicating queen, in behalf of his *amorous*. It is very probable, that Sir William only wanted a stimulus of this kind, to justify him in putting into execution an act which he had long meditated, and which he was only deterred from doing, from the fear of forfeiting the high favour which he enjoyed at court, and with it his situation, as well as a dread of the ridicule to which he should be subjected, from the disparity between the parties, both in point of birth and of years. But, having thus obtained the royal sanction, he got the better of every other scruple; and, sending for Miss Emma, informed her, in the presence of the queen, that she was now the wife of his choice, and should, without loss of time, be made so by law. At this sudden and unexpected piece of good fortune the young lady fainted with joy, and was not relieved until a 'sea of copious pearls, which some call tears,' came to her assistance.

"From that moment, however, Lady Hamilton, in consequence of her beauty, her talents, and her good conduct, enjoyed the esteem of every one who was acquainted with her, and became the confidential companion of the Queen of Naples; and even the old *ruffiana*, as the king used to call the mother of Lady Hamilton, was frequently sent for to make tea for her majesty at the palace." Vol. II. p. 666.

The following anecdote is worth recording, as a curious coincidence. It is not, however, unlikely that modern art assisted in this prophetic likeness.

"Having mentioned the great man who, in the year 800, became emperor of the west by right of conquest, I must here be allowed to relate a short anecdote. In the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle there is deposited, among other curiosities, a cameo of an onyx, about the size of a crown-piece, on which is a likeness, in basso relievo, of the son of Charlemagne, which really resembles Bonaparte, as much as if it had been intended for him, and far more than many of the portraits which he has himself sat for to Andrea Appiani, of Milan, who has painted him, at his own request, in all the striking stages of his career, and in all his imperial costumes. This cameo, when he was at Aix-la-Chapelle, Bonaparte had copied; and that copy was the identical medallion which he wore as the real likeness of Charlemagne. But that, however, was not the fact, as the original is still to be seen in that chapel; where the story was told to me by one of the keepers of the antiques. It must now be nearly a thousand years since it was executed.

"This cameo, on his arrival at Dresden, Bonaparte showed as the head of Charlemagne. He told the Saxons, that in the year 803, they had submitted to his likeness, exhibiting it from his neck, around which it was suspended by way of triumph; as Charlemagne had behaved towards the people of Saxony with excessive cruelty. This Bonaparte did, in revenge for the insults they had offered to Lavalette, who had been his democatrical ambassador, and for the little respect they had paid him, previous to his being made emperor of France, and raising the electorate into a kingdom. Ludovico Widemann, a Venitian nobleman who died in Russia, assured me he was present when this conversation took place at Pilnitz, the country residence of the king of Saxony; as did also Alvise Mocenigo, who was charged with a mission to the Pope, the anecdote respecting the coronation." Vol. II. p. 244.

Thus goes on the work, detailing incidents, observations, witticisms, and in some instances scandals. The author, the Marchioness Solari, an English woman domesticated in Italy till, whatever her heart be, her manners, conceptions, and remembrances, are thoroughly Italian, has evidently gathered together all the strange things that passed across her memory. Of these, some are ex-

trremely amusing, some probably false, many unquestionably true, and a few probably deserving of suppression. An English eye cast over a reprint of her book, would be of the highest use to its real value, and its general reception. It is, however, these drawbacks excepted, the most readable book that we have lately seen on Italy.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Bay Leaves; By T. C. Smith. Edinburgh: Constable and Company. 1824.

So much poetry, and good poetry, too, is now ushered into the world, only to be forgotten, that if the doctrine of the calculation of chances were to be applied to the subject, the result would present an appalling prospect to the candidates for poetical fame. And yet, with such a prospect before them, and in defiance of demonstration itself, we have no doubt that they could continue to increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth, pretty much as they do at present, when they are permitted to draw their conclusions for themselves. And the reason of this we take to be, that the noisy pleasure derived from popularity is quite a separate matter from the quiet but seducing enjoyment of composition; that poetry must be, in a great measure, like virtue—its own reward; and that a man may feel very indifferent as to the given number of copies which he may circulate, while he can secure to himself, in the mean time, the pleasures arising from “retired leisure,” and the cultivation of all those refined and benevolent feelings which we delight (and surely not in vain) to associate with the study of poetry.

How far this observation may be applicable to the little volume before us we cannot say; but we think it likely, from the appearance of many of the pieces it contains, that in their composition the author thought much more of giving vent to his own feelings, and of refining his taste, and relieving the dryness of other studies and duties by this exercise, than of mere writing for the public. And hence there is something natural, and unaffected, and pleasing about it;—an absence of that artificial excitement, and laboured exaltation of feeling, which are the natural result of a desire to strike and to captivate that callous and “many-headed beast, the town;” and at the same time more care, more correctness, both of thought and versification, than is generally to be found in those poems which are meant only to meet the eyes of friends, and seldom destined to encounter the notice of any critic so severe as the author himself. The poems, we think, bear a considerable resemblance to those of Mr. Alaric Watts, for whom the author seems to entertain a warm admiration.

One or two specimens will enable our readers to form their own

opinion of Mr. Smith's little volume. The following are entitled Stanzas:

In Memory's dream of other years
What thoughts arise!
Life's buried bliss and wo appears,
Like rainbows, shining through the tears
Of summer skies.

Mute is each animating sound—
How silent now!
The curls that Beauty's forehead bound
Now fling their lifeless threads around
Death's awful brow!

The laughing cheek's warm sunny glow
Is dim and pale!
The bright eye answerless!—but oh,
Grim tyrant, who would look below
Thy sable veil?

It were a banquet for Despair
To dwell upon:
Wreck of the beautiful and fair,
Life's spirit is no longer there,—
But whither gone?

No, Memory, no! thy glowing dream
Yields no delight.
Avails it aught to know the stream
Of life was gilded by a beam,
That *once* was bright?

Death hurries by on pinion fleet,
And mars each bliss;
Dividing friends whose love was sweet,
Perchance in other worlds to meet,
But not in this.

Why revel, then, like bird obscene,
Upon the dead?
We know too well that they have been
And canst thou from the bosom screen
That they are fled?

Past joy is present grief,—a flame
Which warmeth not.
Past sorrow like the simoom came,
Our hearts to wither; and its name
Were best forgot.

Then break the spell thy hands have twin'd
Around my soul—
Vain wish!—Death only can unbind
That which existeth in the mind,
And mocks control.

We are sure our readers must like our next specimen. It is full of poetical feeling and harmonious versification.

Think not, beloved! time can break
The spell around us cast;
Or absence from my bosom take
The memory of the past.

Bay Leaves.

My love is not that silvery mist,
 From summer blooms by sunbeams kiss,
 Too fugitive to last—
 A fadeless flower, it still retains
 The brightness of its early stains.
 Nor burns it like the raging fire,
 In tainted breast which glows;
 All wild and thorny as the briar,
 Without its opening rose;
 A gentler, holier, love is mine,
 Unchangeable and firm, while thine
 Is pure as mountain snows;
 Nor yet has passion dared to breathe
 A spell o'er Love's immortal wreath.
 And now, when grief has dimm'd thine eye,
 And sickness made thee pale;
 Think'st thou I could the mourner fly,
 And leave thee to the gale?
 Oh no!—may all those dreams depart
 Hope sheds upon a youthful heart,
 If now my bosom fail;
 Or leave thee, when the storm comes on,
 To bear its turbulence alone.
 Let others change when Fortune flies,
 I cannot change like them:
 Let others mock the tears which rise,
 I can't thy grief condemn.
 Though from the tree the bloom has past,
 Still fond and faithful to the last,
 I'll twine around the stem;
 And share the fate, whate'er it be,
 Reserv'd by destiny for thee.
 The ivy round some lofty pile
 Its twining tendril flings;
 Though fled from thence be Pleasure's smile,
 It yet the fonder clings:
 As lonelier still becomes the place,
 The warmer is its fond embrace,
 More firm its verdant rings:
 As if it lov'd its shade to rear,
 O'er one devoted to despair.
 Thus shall my bosom cling to thine,
 Unchanged by gliding years;
 Through Fortune's rise, or her decline,
 In sunshine or in tears:
 And though between us oceans roll,
 And rocks divide us, still my soul
 Can feel no jealous fears,
 Confiding in a heart like thine,
 Love's uncontaminated shrine!
 To me, though bathed in sorrow's dew,
 The dearer far art thou:
 I lov'd thee when thy woes were few,
 And can I alter now?
 That face, in joy's bright hour, was fair,
 More beautiful since grief is there,
 Though somewhat pale the brow;
 And be it mine to soothe the pain
 Thus pressing on thy heart and brain.
 Yes, love! my breast, at sorrow's call,
 Shall tremble like thine own:

If from those eyes the tear-drops fall,
 They shall not fall alone.
 Our souls, like heaven's aerial bow,
 Blend every light within their glow,
 Of joy or sorrow known:
 And grief, divided with thy heart,
 Were sweeter far than joy apart.

We shall quote the opening stanza of another piece. The imitation of Byron's affecting verses, "There's not a joy that time can give like that it takes away," is perhaps a little too visible, the resemblance in some cases extending to the adoption of particular images, but they display, we think, very considerable powers of language and versification.

Think not because the eye is bright, and smiles are laughing there,
 The heart that beats within is light, and free from pain and care;
 A blush may tinge the darkest cloud, ere Sol's last rays depart,
 And underneath the sunniest smile may lurk the saddest heart.
 Mirth's sudden gleam may light the cheek though joy be far away,
 As blossoms oft adorn the tree that's hastening to decay:
 It is but as the varying hue of April's wayward hours—
 A sun-beam bursting brightly through, when all behind is showers.
 For there are pangs the sorrowing heart will oft in darkness shroud,
 That lurk within its lonely depths like lightning in the cloud:
 As falls our shadow on the path when bright the sun-beams glare,
 Whichever way our thoughts are turn'd, that darksome shape is there!
 Though brightly o'er the hollow cheek, the smile—the laugh may break,
 Like bubbles bursting on the breast of Acheron's dark lake;
 They are but outward signs to hide the deadly pangs we feel,
 As o'er the lone and mould'ring tower the rose is taught to steal.

Mr. Smith succeeds very well in that which the Italians call the test of a poet, and which the indifferent success of most of our English writers shows at least to be a matter of very considerable difficulty—the composition of the SONNET. He seems to be well acquainted with Italian and Spanish literature, and is aware how much the effect of these little pieces depends on the exact observance of those recurrences of rhyme, which Petrarch, who borrowed them from the Sicilians, has now inseparably associated with the idea of a good sonnet. This one we think is very pleasing and classical. It is addressed "TO A STREAM NEAR VALLS, IN CATALONIA."

Whoe'er thou art, that o'er this stream presides,
 Winding its course soft murmuring through the vale,
 Accept my thanks; for with thy crystal tides
 This wearied frame does spirits new inhale.
 Long may the stream, that now so gently glides
 On its sweet banks the laughing summer hail;
 And, while its willows tremble on the sides,
 Catch through their drooping leaves the fragrant gale.
 For ne'er did Pilgrim clearer stream survey,
 Trickling through mossy grot, or verdant plain:
 Nor rill, or fountain, in the blaze of day,
 A hue so bright, or wave so cool retain;
 Though now I leave thee, never to return,
 My memory still shall bless thy lucid urn.

The volume concludes with a fragment of a Romance of Chivalry in the Spenserian stanza, which also contains some powerful verses; but we like Mr. Smith best in his less elaborate, and more occasional compositions.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE GRAVE OF MARION.

The wind comes whistling o'er the waste,
 The sand-cloud rises high;
 Our peril is not wholly past,
 Our foes are pressing nigh.
 A little farther on, my love,
 A little farther on!
 She does not speak—she does not move—
 My love at last is gone!
 I press thee to my burning breast,
 No blush is on thy brow;
 Those gentle arms that once caress'd,
 Fall round me deadly now;
 Thy lips have still their hue—but chill
 The spirit of their kiss—
 I lay my hand upon thine heart,
 'Tis cold at last to this!
 We were young, and closely twined
 Like twin flowers of Love's spring,
 But one the poison blast has pined,
 And one lives sorrowing!
 Heart of my heart! I would I were
 Unlov'd of thee again—
 I'd leave thee as I met thee, fair,
 And waste in silent pain.
 Were we beneath a Christian heaven,
 Within a Christian land,
 A fairer shrine to thee were given
 Than this bleak bed of sand;
 Yet thou wert single in thy faith,
 And single in thy worth,
 And thou shouldst die a lonely death,
 And lie in lonely earth!
 And now I've laid thee to thy rest,
 My last look now is given—
 The sand is smooth above *thy* breast,
 And mine is still unrun:
 No winding sheet—no matins meet
 Thy perished love can have—
 But a lover's sighs embalm thy corse,
 A lover's tears thy grave!

OSCAR.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles is preparing for the press, a Reply to some Observations of Mr. Roscoe, in his recent edition of Pope's Works.

The Rev. Mr. Newcome has nearly ready for publication a Life of Archbishop Sharpe. It will be comprised in two octavo volumes, and a Portrait of the Archbishop will accompany the Memoir.

Sermons and Charges, by the Right Rev. Father in God, Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta; with Memoirs of his Life. By Henry Kay Bonney, D. D. Archdeacon of Bedford. With Portrait, &c. are in the press.

The Writer's Clerk, or the Humours of the Scottish Metropolis; in 3 vols.

The whole Works of Edward Reynolds, D. D. Lord Bishop of Norwich, now first collected, in 6 vols. 8vo. (uniformly with the Works of Bishops Taylor and Beveridge); with a Life of the Author, by Alexander Chalmers, Esq. and a finely engraved portrait.

Mr. Ugo Foscolo has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the Ancient Italian Poets, with Biographical Notices, &c.

Memoirs of Count Segur, Ambassador from France to the Court of Prussia. Written by himself.

The whole Works and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Browne, Knight, M. D. of Norwich; with critical and explanatory Notes and Observations, by Sir Kenelm Digby, Dean Wren, Lefebvre, Keck, Moltkenius, and others. To which will be prefixed, the Life of the Author, by Dr. Johnson; with copious and interesting additions. The whole carefully revised, collated in many instances with original MSS. and interspersed with Notes and Observations, by S. Wilkin, F. L. S. and Member of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh.

A work is in the press, entitled, Don Esteban, or Memoirs of a Spaniard. Written by himself.

Dublin University Prize Poems, with Spanish and German Ballads, are announced for publication by Mr. Dounes, of Trinity College.

The Legend of Genevieve; with other Tales and Poems. By Delta. In one volume post 8vo.

Historical Notices of Scottish Affairs, during the reigns of Charles II. and James VII., extracted from the Manuscripts of Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Lyre; a collection of the most approved English, Irish, and Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern. Vol. II.

The Legends of Galloway; being a Series of Traditions, illustrative of its Ancient History, Customs, and Manners, Local Superstitions, &c. in one vol. 12mo. by Captain James Denniston, Creetown.

Der Freischutz; or the Seventh Bullet. A Travestie of this Popular Opera; with the Songs, Music, &c. Illustrated with twelve etchings, by George Cruikshanks, drawn by an Amateur. Price 5s. 6d.; fine paper, 7s. 6d.; coloured, 8s. 6d.; proofs on India paper, 10s.

Mr. Hogg, the Author of the "Queen's Wake," will very shortly bring forward his Queen Hinde.

Archdeacon Coxe has in the press the History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, drawn from Authentic Sources; with private and original Correspondence, from 1743 to 1754. In 2 vols. 4to., with a Portrait.

The Cambrian Plutarch; or, Lives of the most eminent Welchmen. In one vol. 8vo. By M. H. Parry.

The forthcoming Life of Sheridan, by Mr. Moore, is in a state of considerable forwardness.

Miss Benger is employed on Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, and her unfortunate Family, with Sketches of various Royal and Illustrious Characters, during the Thirty Years' War.

The long-expected "Tales of Irish Life" are nearly ready for publication. They will be illustrated with Engravings by Messrs. Thomson, Hughes, and Bonner, in their best style, from designs by George Cruikshank.

Suicide and its Antidotes, a series of anecdotes and actual narratives, with suggestions on Mental Distress; by the Rev. Solomon Piggot, M. A. Rector of Dunstable, and author of several works, will appear in a few days.

An English Translation of M. Mollien's *Voyage dans la République de Colombia*, in 1822-3, is, we understand, in some forwardness. M. Mollien is distinguished

by his researches in Africa in 1818. His present work not only embraces a lively description of this interesting province, together with an historic sketch of the Revolution; but gives an account of the industry, trade, and agriculture of its inhabitants; and of their manners, habits, moral and social condition, &c.

In the list of works announced as at this time in press, we are glad to recognise *Progressive Lessons*; or, *Harry and Lucy* concluded, by Maria Edgeworth. Among the writers of the present generation, we hold this lady as one of the greatest (we think we might say *the* greatest) benefactresses of society. Her various works are applicable to the Educational development and cultivation of the human mind, from the first dawns of infant intellect to the period of its full maturity; and while those of her works which, from the kind of interest they are calculated to excite, seem only to be addressed to the imagination, and designed for the amusement of the novel-reading youth of both sexes, have a powerful tendency to enlarge the understanding and improve the heart; those apparently more humble productions, so admirably adapted to the circle of the nursery, may be read with interest and profit by the scholar and the parent of the most cultivated mind and maturest judgment.

Alaric A. Watts, Esq. Editor of the *Literary Souvenir*, has in the press, about to be published in one thick vol. 8vo., closely but elegantly printed, a compilation, to be called the *Poetical Album*; or, *Register of Modern Fugitive Poetry*, original and select.

L. E. L. the fair authoress of the *Improvisatrice*, has in the press the *Troubadour*, the *Spanish Maiden*, and other Poems.

The Parliamentary Speeches of Lord Byron have been printed, from the copies prepared by his Lordship for publication. They are only three. The first delivered 27th February, 1812, on the "Frame Work Bill," which he characterized (as, perhaps, some other of those, prepared by the *employing* and *representations of the employing* classes for the restriction and regulation of the employed, might also be characterized) as "fit only to be carried into effect by a jury of butchers, with a Judge Jeffreys to direct them;" the next, April 21, of the same year, on the Earl of Donoughmore's motion on the Catholic Claims; and the other on presenting Major Cartwright's petition for Parliamentary Reform.

Fire-side Scenes. By the Author of *Bachelor and Married Man*, &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo.

The forthcoming *Life of Sheridan*, by Mr. Moore, is in a state of considerable forwardness.

Miss Benger is employed on *Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia*, and her unfortunate Family, with *Sketches of various Royal and Illustrious Characters*, during the *Thirty Years' War*.

LIST OF NEW BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Campbell's *Love-Letters of Mary Queen of Scots*, 8vo. 15s.—*St. Baldred of the Bass*, and other Poems, 8vo. 12s.—*Scenes and Thoughts*, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Gambier's Introduction to the Study of Moral Evidence*, 8vo. 8s.—*Secley's Voice from India*, 8vo. 7s.—*World in Miniature* (Tibet), 18mo. 6s. 6d.—*Booker's Description of Dudley Castle*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Simon's History of Wakefield Church*, small 4to. 18s.; large paper, 30s.—*Wentall's Illustrations of Rogers' Pinnacles of Memory*, 8c. 8vo. 10s.; 4to. 18s.; India proof, 24s.—*Kendrick's Kako-Demon*, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*Blundell's Physiological Researches*, 8vo. 6s.—*Bell's Exposition of the Nervous System*, 8vo. 15s.—*Evans's Explanation of Geographical and Hydrographical Terms*, 12mo. 8s.—*Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind*, 2d edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.—*Middletton's Sermons and Charges*, 8vo. 14s.—*Sunday Morning and Evening Lessons*, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—*The Good Nurse*.—*Cabinet of Foreign Voyages*, 18mo. 14s.—*Ventouillan's French Classics*, Parts 9 and 10 (Cornicille,) 6s.